

The Catholic Guardian.

"I BELIEVE IN ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH."

VOL. I.

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Topics of the Times.

ROME—HEALTH OF THE HOLY FATHER.

—The Pope has lately been suffering from cold. His physicians advised Him to abstain from His afternoon exercise in the gardens of the Vatican, attributing His cough to the changes of temperature. His Holiness replied that His indisposition proceeded not from the weather but from His years. The Holy Father said Mass with much difficulty on the eighteenth, for the first time in public since Christmas. His Holiness requires the fervent prayers of the Faithful for His health and deliverance from His enemies. On the nineteenth, the Pope received all the Professors of the University who remain faithful to Him, and also many of the officers of His former army, of whom some, after entering the Italian service, repented, and gave in their resignation.

THE POPE AND THE POLES.—The statement put forth by the Italianissimi papers, that the Holy Father had authorized Polish priests to use the Russian language only is now contradicted. The Russian Government has requested that five Catholic bishops may be appointed, and the Pope has consented to do so on condition that these who are presented to Him shall appear worthy of the dignity. The list of these five bishops having been presented and accepted by the Pope, they will be preconized in a special Consistory to be held in Lent. The question of the Russian language was not even discussed. The Holy See declares that there is no truth in statements made in the newspapers that, in conformity with an understanding come to with Russia, it had consented to an innovation which would menace alike the language and nationality of the Poles.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN ROME.—Again comes the news that the Government of Victor Emmanuel is to suppress the monasteries and convents. The Special Paris Correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs that a report has come from Rome that the Italian Government proposes shortly to bring in a Bill suppressing the Religious Orders, confiscating ecclesiastical estates, even when international, assigning to the General Superiors of Religious Orders their place of residence, and converting Papal rentes into Italian rentes. He adds, however, that this rumor, although emanating from good authority, is warmly contested.

THE EXPROPRIATIONS.—The Cardinal-Vicar of Rome protested, in the name of the Pope, against the expropriation or occupation of the Basilica San Vitale by the Government. Later advices inform us that the Italian Government has abandoned its intention to expropriate the Basilica, and the gendarmes have been withdrawn from the sacred edifice.

ITALY AND FRANCE.—Advices from Rome state that considerable annoyance prevails amongst the Italianissimi in consequence of the non-arrival of the representative of France at the Court of Victor Emmanuel. The representatives of Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Belgium have all established themselves in the new capital of Italy, and the officials are at a loss to understand why the representative of France does not do the same. The annoyance is heightened by the fact that the French Government has sent an Ambassador to the Vatican, though none of the other Powers have adopted the same course. This looks as though France were taking a step in the right direction to recover her former position and prestige in Europe.

THE ITALIAN CHAMBER.—The members of the Parliament of Victor Emmanuel do not show any vehement desire for legislative work, and sufficient members even to perform a quorum do not attend. The President has frequently expressed his regret at this indifference to public business displayed by the Deputies. May we not find the explanation of this apparent apathy in the quotation, "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all?"

THE OLD RELIGION.—Mme. de Stael, who has been boasting of her Protestantism to a Catholic, said: "I am of the faith of my fathers." "And I of my grandfathers," was the quick reply of the Catholic.

THE HOLY FATHER TO THE FOREIGN ECCLESIASTICAL COLLEGES IN ROME.

—On the 15th of December, the members of the various foreign Ecclesiastical Colleges in Rome had an audience of the Holy Father. The Rev. Father Semenenko, Rector of the Polish College, presented an address, in the name of all. To this the Holy Father responded as follows:

The Church has been persecuted ever since her birth. She found society unbelieving, ignorant, filled with vice, and she left it back to the way of justice, truth and holiness. But that could not be accomplished without resistance, and that is why, therefore, persecutions commenced. A short time ago, reading the work of a savant, who is not an Italian, I became convinced that the present persecution is by far the most terrible of those the Church has suffered. Do you wish to know the reason? *Filioli mei levate oculos vestros in circuitu.* Lift up your eyes my dear children, and look all around you. Look at society; see what it is, and you will find that it is not blind, as it was in ancient times, but apostate. And that is why it is more difficult to listen to the voice of God and the Church; because, of all sinners, the apostate is the most reprobate in the sight of God. But then, if it is so, if those who govern society are in the hands of Satan, if they are animated with hatred of Jesus Christ, you see what strength, what vigor, what zeal, what an exemplary life and what solidity of doctrine are necessary in order to convert those who allow themselves to be deceived by those perfidious illusions which produce such a condition of society. And that is why, my dear children, I exhort you to prove yourselves more and more fervent and each day better ecclesiastics, in order to confound our enemies by holiness of life, that they may find themselves constrained to respect virtue in priests, even though being enemies. Persevere, then, in charity and zeal, and prepare yourselves to combat error. God, who is good, will Himself put ideas into your hearts to defend the laws of God and His Church, so fearfully outraged. It is the subject for meditation which I give you this morning, and which God, I trust, will impress strongly upon your souls, in order that He may make of you worthy priests of His Holy Church. For the obtaining of those graces may God cause to descend upon you those blessings which illumine the mind, excite the courage and fortify more and more in prayer, so necessary in all circumstances, but especially at the present time. May God the Father bless you out of His all-powerfulness, the Saviour Jesus Christ, with His grace, in order that you may worthily fulfill the duties of your holy ministry. *Benedictio Dei Omnipotentis, etc.*

STATISTICS OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.—"Chicago and the Great Conflagration" is the title of a pamphlet prepared by two gentlemen connected with the *Chicago Tribune*, and soon to be published in Cincinnati. From advance sheets furnished the press, the following particulars of the terrible calamity are gathered:

The total area burned over in the city, including streets, was 2,124 acres, or very nearly 3 and a half square miles. The number of buildings destroyed was 17,450; of persons rendered homeless, 98,500. Of the latter more than 250 died from the exposure, either at once or soon after.

The losses in buildings amounted to \$53,000,000; in produce, etc., \$4,262,500; in wholesale and retail business, \$78,700,000; in personal effects, \$58,710,000; which, with losses embraced under the head "miscellaneous," and "other business property," swell the grand total to \$196,000,000. "What is left" of the city is shown by the following computation:

The city contained a population of 334,270 souls. Of these 98,500 were rendered homeless, leaving 235,770, or 70 per cent. unharmed. About 50,000 left the city within a few weeks, but many of these returned subsequently, and many hundreds of workers came in from other places to aid in rebuilding the city. In December, 1871, Chicago contained a population of not much less than 300,000. The number of buildings burned was 17,450; remaining 42,000, or 70 per cent. The value of the buildings burned was not less than 50 per cent. of the whole; saved 50 per cent.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

THE RIGHT REVEREND DR. GOSS AND THE IRISH.—In a powerful discourse from the pulpit of his Cathedral on Sunday the 26th ult., denounced those of the English who throw contempt on Ireland and the Irish. He stated that England owes her manufacturing, colonial, and warlike greatness to Irishmen, and that when Irishmen were driven from home by the penal laws and found a refuge in France, they were in the vanguard of the armies of France, and beat the English on French ground. As Bishop of Liverpool, he must defend and declare in favor of the Irish.

BISMARCK'S LIFE THREATENED.—BERLIN, Feb. 21st.—The police authorities have information that a man is concealed in this city who has sworn to take the life of Bismarck. Active search is going on for the would-be assassin.

THE LAND ACT AND THE LANDLORDS.

—The *Spectator*, writing of the purchase by the tenants of their holdings on the estate of the Marquis of Waterford, recently, says: So eager were the tenants, and so great is the increase in the value of the land created by the novel security of the tenant, that whereas land in Ireland, before the act, was supposed to be worth from eighteen to twenty-six years' purchase, the price on the Waterford estate was run up, by fierce competition between tenants and investors, to thirty-five, forty, and even fifty years' rental. The act has, in fact, given to the "confiscated" land-owner an addition of at least sixty per cent. to his total wealth. The Waterford family have, we believe, an excellent reputation as landlords, yet their tenants, merely to be clear of them or their successors, have given these enormous bonuses upon the ordinary price. Whatever the economic result of this transaction, there can be no doubt of its political effect. Individually, we question whether these tenants have given too much for their land, as economists will be apt to assert. Experience shows that between the power a tenant will expend upon land, and the power a landlord, pressed by narrowness of means, can expend upon land, there is a very large margin indeed; that there is, to begin with, a capacity of thriftiness, parsimony, or good management created by the mere fact of ownership to which it is hard to assign limits. The profit is not obtained in interest, but in the higher wages which the man who is both owner and cultivator contrives to secure by his additional industry. We will, however, waive that just now, and only remark that the effect of such sales as this of the Waterford estate must be to increase landlords' readiness to sell, and tenants' readiness to buy, until we may yet see the same scene repeated everywhere, and the "rights of property" become dear to some three or four hundred thousand small proprietors.

RELIGION OF A MINOR.—The Lord Chancellor of Ireland has just decided another case in which the religion of a minor was the point at issue. The father, William Garnett, was a Protestant, and the mother had become a Catholic since her marriage. Since the father's death the mother had removed the child from a Protestant to a Catholic school, and one of the guardians applied to the Court for the custody of the child, in order that he might be brought up a Protestant. Lord O'Hagan, having reserved judgment for a considerable time, now decides that the case is an exceptional one, and that the rule that the religion of the child is that of his father does not apply. It appeared that the father had been twice married; that his first wife had been a Catholic, and that he had permitted all the children of that marriage to be educated as Catholics. Also, that until this child was eight years old, he in no way interfered with his religious bringing up, allowing him to be taken regularly to a Catholic church, although warned that the consequences would be that he would grow up a Catholic. He had, moreover, substituted his Catholic wife as a guardian in the place of a Protestant brother of his own; and finally the Lord Chancellor had examined the child, who is now thirteen, and found him remarkably well instructed in the Catholic religion, and desirous of being educated as a Catholic. It is clear that the father had, with his eyes open to the consequences, allowed the child to be brought up as a Catholic, and there could be no reasonable ground for interfering with convictions which were already formed.—*London Tablet.*

A FORTUNATE IRISHMAN.—The great diamond, weighing 154 carats, which was found at the Cape and is now on its way to England, is already furnished with its legend. It is said to have been found in the wall of one of the native huts, a poor Irish adventurer had received hospitality for the night, and that being surprised at the light shining amid the darkness, he had, upon examination, found it to proceed from a clump of the earth of which the wall was built. Of course the clump was soon detached by the visitor, and this new Koh-i-noor, with many other smaller diamonds, found within.

When Simonides offered to teach Themistocles the art of memory, he answered, "Ah, rather teach me the art of forgetting, for I often remember what I would not, and cannot forget what I would."

ROMAN CATHOLIC STATISTICS.—From

the new English edition of the "Catholic Directory," just published, *permissu superiorum*, for 1872, we learn some interesting particulars respecting the Roman Catholic body in Great Britain, and also on the Continent of Europe, and, to some extent, in other parts of the world. The secular lists prefixed to the more strictly ecclesiastical portion of the work show that in the ranks of the peerage of the three kingdoms the Roman Catholics can reckon one duke, (Norfolk) one marquis, (Bute) eight earls, four viscounts and twenty barons, the list ending with Lord O'Hagan, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Besides these there are forty-nine Catholics in the baronetage, six Catholics in Her Majesty's Privy Council, and thirty-eight in the House of Commons, all of whom, with the exception of Lord Robert Montagu, sit for Irish constituencies. In England there is one Archbishopric, that of Westminster; and Dr. Manning has under him twelve "Suffragan" Bishops, each exercising spiritual jurisdiction over a local diocese and aided by a provost (answering to an Anglican Dean) and chapter. Scotland is still divided into three "dioceses"—the Western, the Eastern and the Northern—with a "Vicar Apostolic" over each. In Ireland there are four Archbishops—Armagh, Dublin, Cashel and Tuam—presiding over the provinces of Ulster, Leinster, Munster and Connaught, respectively, and having under them twenty-four Suffragan Bishops, whose titles correspond almost exactly with those of the Sees occupied by the prelates of the Established Church before the reduction of their number by Mr. Stanley, (the late Lord Derby) just forty years ago. No less than seventy-one priests—forty-five seculars and twenty-six regulars—have been ordained in England alone, during the past twelve months, raising the total of the priesthood in Great Britain to about one thousand eight hundred and forty, serving about twelve hundred "missions" and "stations." To these details are added lists of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, of the "Sees and Vicariates Apostolic" in our colonies and dependencies, and also of the Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops and Vicars Apostolic in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America and Oceania, including Australia, New Zealand, etc. We are informed that there are nine "Patriarchates," of which the chief are Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem; and twelve Patriarchs, seven of the Latin "Rite," and five of the Oriental "Rite." In conclusion, it appears that, besides His Holiness, Pope Pius IX, the Sacred College, at the present time, consists of five Cardinal Bishops, thirty-six Cardinal Priests and seven Cardinal Deacons. The oldest member of the Sacred College, in point of years, is the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, who was born in the year 1781. There are at present no less than twenty vacancies in the list of Cardinals; ninety-four have died during the present pontificate, forty-one of whom were presented with their hats by Pius IX.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN DUBLIN.

—LOCAL STRUGGLES WITH THE EVIL.—The Dublin papers record that by almost superhuman exertions the Very Rev. Mgr. MacCabe, P. P., and his zealous curates, the people of Kingstown parish have been introduced to welcome the Coming of Christ by at least a few days' abstinence from the public-houses; the consequence has been that these places have been nearly empty during the week, and the police magistrates have had little or no business to transact. It is also worthy of note that the Association of Prayer in the parish of Rathmines, which has been re-organized and worked by the Rev. William Breen, until it now numbers over 800 members, has had a most salutary effect in checking the public intemperance in that parish. Until lately, the drink-shops in some districts used to be filled on the Sunday evenings, and one could not pass without being shocked in more senses than one. Now they are deserted, and their former frequenters may be seen walking with their families decently clad and respectable in appearance. But whilst the doors of these places remain open on the Sunday, when the working classes are unemployed, the slightest relaxation of exertion undoes the work of months. A victim succumbs to the temptation constantly staring him in the face, and is then rendered worse than before by despair and shame.

Irish Intelligence.

ANTRIM.

ORDINATIONS IN ST. MALACHY'S COLLEGE, BELFAST.—In the College Chapel, on Thursday morning the following young gentlemen were ordained Subdeacons by the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian:—Down and Connor, Rev. Patrick McCann, Rev. Edward Crawford; Raphoe, Rev. Patrick Kelly, Rev. William Drummond. On yesterday they received the Order of Deaconship, and will, we understand, be ordained Priests on Sunday.

CAVAN.

ILLNESS OF THE VERY REV. J. O'REILLY, PP.—We deeply regret to learn that the Very Rev. John O'Reilly, PP., Killeshandra, is at present seriously ill. We anxiously hope for a speedy recovery.

CLARE.

RECEPTION AT ENNIS.—On the 23d of January, in the Convent of Mercy, Ennis, Isabella Mary, in religion Sister Mary, (Aloysius) second daughter of John F. Magrath, esq., solicitor, Nenagh, was received by the Rev. Dr. McRedmond, who officiated on the occasion.

GALWAY.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.—On Jan. 29th the beautiful church of the Convent of Mercy, Ballinasloe, was the scene of one of those religious ceremonies so deeply affecting and solemnly impressive—the profession and reception of two nuns. The Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, the Lord Bishop of Clonfert, officiated on the occasion. The ladies who adopted the austerities of a conventual life on this occasion were Miss Fitzpatrick, of Dublin, who received the black veil as Sister Mary Gertrude, and Miss Lizzie Stratford, of Loughrea, who received the white veil as Sister Mary Gonzaga.

MAYO.

A ZEALOUS PRIEST.—The Rev. G. J. Bourke, PP., Keelogue, has been transferred, by his Grace the Archbishop, to the parish of Kilfin. The purity and intensity of the religious feeling of this pious priest were ever present in the sacred ministrations of religion, but eminently so in his unceasing efforts for the people's educational elevation. In the parish of Keelogue, within the last few years, the Rev. G. J. Bourke opened seven schools and built five. What better evidence than this can we give of the merits of the good priest—what memorials more likely to live in the hearts of the parishioners who will lament his departure, and what can be more meritorious in the minds of those who heartily welcome him to the parish of his nativity, where, happily, his future mission lies? The intense and Catholic charity of Father Bourke endeared him to his parishioners, and its excellence consisted in no small degree in its practical aim, as we have shown.

KERRY.

THE O'DONOGHUE.—The strength of the Home Rule movement in Kerry is shown by the angry feeling manifested toward the once popular O'Donoghue. A requisition, signed by 150 electors of the borough of Tralee, has been presented to the Hon. member, calling on him to resign his seat, having, as they allege, abused and betrayed their confidence by his opposition to the Home Rule candidate. The document is signed by more than one-half of the present constituency of Tralee, which numbers 263.

LIMERICK.

HOME RULE IN LIMERICK.—The great Home Rule demonstration in Limerick, which auspiciously heralds the parliamentary campaign on behalf of the national movement, took place on the 10th ult., and was one of the most imposing manifestations of public feeling since the day of O'Connell's meeting. The occasion of the display, as our readers are aware, was the entertainment of Mr. Butt at a public banquet, and the proceedings opened with the reception of the member for Limerick by the Corporation and inhabitants of the city on his arrival from Dublin at two o'clock. Upwards of thirty thousand people turned out to meet the Home Rule leader, and the scene on his appearance was one of unbounded enthusiasm. A procession was formed by the trades of the city—a body of men of whom any nation may be proud—and Mr. Butt was escorted in triumph through the city amid the cheers of a vast concourse. The spectacle was magnificent in a display of peaceful, earnest public feeling, and a hopeful token that the national spirit lives undiminished in the city of a violated treaty. At the O'Connell monument the procession paused, and Mr. Butt delivered a brief address, counselling a resolute but peaceful agitation for the recognition of the national right of self-government.

DISLOYALTY IN LIMERICK.—At the inauguration of the Mayor of Limerick there was an extraordinary scene of seditious disorder. On the Mayor re-

ferring to the recent illness of the Prince of Wales, he was met with a perfect storm of yells, shouts, and hisses. On the Mayor attempting to proceed, he was met with cries of "Three Cheers for the Political Prisoners." This call was responded to by thunders of applause. Cries of "Home Rule for All," and "Down with Gladstone" were then raised, and the Council broke up amid a scene of unparalleled confusion.

ROSCOMMON.

Daniel O'Connell French, eldest son of Nicholas Joseph French, late of French-lawn in the Co. Roscommon, J. P., deceased, has been allowed to practice law at the Dublin Courts.

Married—Jan. 8th, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Donnybrook, by the Very Rev. Monsignor O'Connell, P. P., Dean of Dublin, John E. Sheridan, Maccetown House, Tara, Co. Meath, to Jane Ellen, eldest daughter of Hugh Dillon Lynch, M. D., of Elphinstown, Roscommon.

SLIGO.

A public meeting was held on Sunday, the 21st ult., in the parish church of St. John's, Sligo, on the all important question of education. The Catholics of Sligo sent, through those best fit to represent their feelings and to give expressions to them, their reply to Lord Hartington and the "shave beggar statesmen," who still brands them with the worst and most galling brand of inferiority, and rivets upon them the worst chains of penal and insulting legislation. The Catholics of Sligo and of the diocese of Elphin are not wanting in asserting their rights of free education, and to equality with Protestants in sharing the public grants for education. As long as Catholics sustain their share of the public burdens, contribute equally with others to the public weal, are equally ready, and able, and willing to defend their country, there is neither reason, nor justice, nor policy in longer with holding from them the educational rights and privileges to which they are entitled, or offering them only on condition that they would outrage conscience and offend their Creator.

THE IRISH POOR LAWS.

At the opening meeting of the twenty-fifth session of the Statistical and Social Inquiry Society of Ireland, held in Dublin, the Right Hon. Justice Lawson, President, presiding, the address of the learned Judge touched on several matters of importance. It referred to the street rows in Dublin, and the necessity of having peace and order protected in the city. It alluded to the amount of crime in the country as less than in former years; to the grand jury laws, and to the contrast between the Irish and English poor laws and their operation. "We ought," said Judge Lawson, "to insist on a complete assimilation of the law. On what principle can it be defeated that in England, the wealthier country, relief is liberally given; in Ireland, the poorer country, it is denied? A more liberal system of relief would prevent the crowding of the destitute classes into the towns, where they have more chance of relief and private charity, but where they generally, at least, swell the numbers of the criminal classes."

The late census of Ireland shows that the population of the Island is still diminishing. Since 1841, the population has decreased from eight millions to less than five and a half millions. The loss in the last ten years is 2,962,088. This diminution has fallen unequally on the religious sect. According to the *London News*, there are but 258 Jews in Ireland, a decrease of thirty-five per cent. since 1861. The adherents of the now disestablished Church have decreased by only one and three-quarters per cent., those of Presbyterians, Methodists, Independents, Baptists, and the Society of Friends, by nearly four per cent., while the Roman Catholic decrease has amounted to more than eight per cent.; and "other Christian persuasions," which have sunk nearly two-thirds in the province of Munster, and rather more than held their own in Leinster and Connaught, have so increased in Ulster as to stand one and a quarter per cent. higher for the whole country.

DEATH OF A RELATIVE OF FATHER MATHEW.—In our obituary we record the death of Mr. Mathew, a resident for some years past in this town. At his decease he had reached his 89th year, and he was the eldest direct representative of the surviving branch of the ancient Mathew family, intimately connected for generations with the city of Llandaff and surrounding district. The family has been somewhat distinguished by its longevity. Mr. Edmund Mathew, who was Sheriff of Glamorgan in the seventeenth century, attained the age of 102. The elder branch of the family became extinct in 1821, in the person of Major Mathew, of Bath, grandson of the famous Admiral Mathew. A little later the collateral branch of the Llandaff family was ennobled by the creation of the earldom of Llandaff, which fell into abeyance in 1833, at the

demise of the second earl. It is claimed that the family estates held by the earl should, at his death have reverted to the family of which the well-known Father Mathew was the survivor, and thence to the family of which Mr. Mathew, whose decease we now record, was a representative. Be this as it may, the sister of the earl retained the estates, and at her death bequeathed them to Count de Jarnac, her cousin by marriage, by whose son they are now held. In her will she designated Father Mathew as one of her executors, but he declined to act. The three collateral lines above referred to converge in their common ancestor, Sir David Mathew, whose monument, in alabaster, forms a conspicuous object at Llandaff Cathedral. Sir David is stated to have saved the life of Edward IV, at the battle of Towton. The grandfather of the deceased gentleman was Mr. William Mathew, fifth in descent from Sir David, who inherited certain family estates at Cogan, and was lord of the manor of Leckwith. His eldest son, William, was a publisher at Bristol, where he issued the first "Bristol Annual Directory," which has continued to be published by members of his family, including the Mr. Mathew recently deceased.—*Cardiff (Eng.) Times*.

LIMERICK BELLS.

The inhabitants of Limerick are proud of their cathedral bells; and well they may be, for they are passing sweet. They boast that they were brought from Italy, and tell of their having occupied the skill of a clever young artist for some years. By the time he had manufactured them, their chime had taken such possession of his heart that he resolved never to leave them; so that when he sold them to the Prior of the convent, he removed to their neighborhood, that he might still hear their music. He hoped they would toll his requiem.

Trouble came—he lost his property—the convent was laid waste—the bells were taken away—and this grieved the artist more than any of his losses. He wandered over the countries of Europe, hoping to reach the spot where his bells might be. Years after they had been manufactured, it happened that, toward the close of spring, on a lovely evening, a vessel had anchored at some distance from Limerick, and a boat was seen to glide from it along the Shannon. It had been hired by one of the passengers—the Italian artist—now grown old and gray. He was impatient to reach the city to which he had traced his much loved bells.

As they rowed along the smooth waters the steeple of the cathedral appeared in the distance, above the surrounding buildings. The boatmen pointed it out to the stranger as he sat in the stern. He fixed his eyes earnestly and fondly upon it.

The boat glided on; but all at once, through the stillness of the hour, the peal from the sweet cathedral bells burst upon the air. The artist crossed his hands upon his breast and leaned back. The shore was reached. The face of the Italian was still turned toward the cathedral, but the spirit had fled, and the bells tolled his requiem!

THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

Some interesting statistics respecting the actual strength of Catholicity in Scotland are contained in "The Catholic Directory, Ecclesiastical Register, and Almanac for 1872," compiled by the Rev. W. A. Johnson, secretary to Archbishop Manning. Scotland has been divided into three ecclesiastical districts—the eastern, the western, and the northern—each of which is subject to the jurisdiction of a vicar apostolic. Thus the eastern district, comprising the 16 eastern counties of Scotland, from the south side of the River Dee to the Stewartry of Kirkcubright, inclusively, is presided over by the Right Rev. John Strain, Bishop of Abila, vicar apostolic, who has under his jurisdiction 67 priests, 75 public churches, chapels, and stations, three communities of religious men, seven communities of religious women, and one college viz., Saint Mary's, Blair, Aberdeen. The western district includes the shires of Argyll, Ayr, Bute, Dumbarrow, Lanark, Renfrew, Wigtown, the Hebrides or Western Islands, and the southern part of Inverness-shire. It is subject to the Episcopal supervision of the Most Rev. Charles Eyre, Archbishop of Anazarba, Apostolic Delegate for Scotland, and Administrator Apostolic, who has under his jurisdiction 119 priests, 103 public churches, chapels, and stations, five communities of religious men, and seven religious women. The northern district, comprising the shires of Aberdeen, Banff, Cromarty, the northern parts of Inverness-shire, the shires of Moray, Nairn, Ross, and Sutherland, is ruled by the Right Rev. John Macdonald, Bishop of Nicopolis, as vicar apostolic; and under his jurisdiction there are 35 priests, 40 public churches, chapels, stations, and six communities of religious women. It appears that, during the past year, the number of the Roman Catholic clergy in Scotland has increased from 207 to 235; the number of public churches, chapels, and stations remains the same—222; the number of communi-

ties of religious men has exactly doubled, being now eight as compared with four last year; while the number of communities of religious women has increased from 18 to 20.

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.

There are few churches in France around which historical memories cluster, and which can recall such varied reminiscences of her Monarchy as the time-honored pile that rears her majestic towers on the banks of the Seine—the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Yet her earliest origin is a matter of some conjecture, and enveloped in doubt. Probably the first Oratory where St. Denis was wont to assemble the neophytes of Lutetia, (Paris) was a crypt known but to him and his converts. Religion, like its divine Master and Founder, had for a time to bury itself in the bosom of the earth, but only to burst forth more radiantly and with renewed strength. Persecution, the Catacombs, and Martyrdom are three works that tell of the early glories of our Holy Mother Church.

When Constantine had taken the Cross for his standard, and, later on, Clovis had followed his example, then peace began to flourish in the provinces, and churches arose within the walls of the city. It was then that the modest Basilica of Paris was constructed on the desert banks of the Seine, where once stood a temple dedicated to Jupiter, and where now stands the magnificent cathedral of which we write.

Being insufficient for the increasing Christian population, this primitive church was replaced by another, built in 555 by Childebert, at the desire of St. Germain, Bishop of Paris. It was first dedicated to St. Stephen, but when Robert, son of Hugh Capet, undertook to reconstruct it, he put it under the patronage of Our Lady. In 875 this church was destroyed. When peace was proclaimed by the conversion of Rollo, another arose from its ruins and stood until the episcopacy of Maurice de Sully, Bishop of Paris, 1164. This illustrious prelate resolved to build a new cathedral, and animated by the zeal of the people, and the liberality of princes, commenced the foundation of the present church, but died without the consolation of seeing the end of his labor; and two centuries passed ere completion crowned the work.

This august edifice has suffered much from the ravages of time, but more from the hands of man.

Memory, wandering back through the vista of centuries, can review the scenes that passed within the hallowed walls of this glorious cathedral, where the prayers of so many millions have for ages gone up to God. There often, when victory had crowned the heroic arms of France, resounded the solemn hymns of praise and thanksgiving. There, too, we listen in breathless silence and with enraptured ears to the soul-stirring eloquence and fervor of a host of illustrious and holy men, now passed from us to their rest. St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, Flechier, Bossuet, Pere Lacordaire, and Pere de Ravignan, are names that shall live on in the annals of Holy Church, when the great temple that they irradiated with the sunshine of their fervour shall lie low in decay.

And not to be forgotten is the last sad solemn scene witnessed there, the sequel of the tragedy of La Roquette, the obsequies of Archbishop Darboy, the victim of the venomous shafts scattered a century ago by Voltaire and his school.

Oh, France! Thou art still the beautiful, still in the multitude of thy people, the brave, the heroic, Mayst thou again be France the just and the holy, as thou wert when thy illustrious Bishop, Maurice de Sully, laid the foundation of the noble and hallowed edifice of Notre Dame. May the Divine Head of Holy Church hasten the day when thy people shall again confess Him and His teaching as the true philosophy that shall teach them how to live and how to die. Then, and not till then, canst thou, poor fallen France, lay just claim to that noblest of thy titles, "The Eldest Daughter of the Church."

DR. FRAZER, the Protestant Bishop of Manchester, seems bent on tearing away altogether the thin veil which has hitherto covered some of the hideous deformities of English society. Some time since this prelate made the startling disclosure that the Protestant Sunday-school scholars in Manchester were much given to intemperance, and now he tells that thousands of these same Sunday-school scholars are abandoned women. In support of this startling assertion he brings forward several facts which are within his own personal knowledge, and which are quite sufficient for the purpose.

LORD CLERMONT has munificently contributed five hundred pounds towards the erection of a new Catholic Church at Carlingford. This is another instance of his lordship's liberality in assisting to provide for the spiritual wants of those living in the neighborhoods where he owns property.

Religious Intelligence.

THE MISSION AT ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH.

THE EXERCISES CONDUCTED BY THE DOMINICAN FATHERS FROM BENECIA.

A GLANCE AT THE DOMINICAN ORDER, ITS MARTYRS AND ITS MISSIONARIES.

THE SERMON TUESDAY NIGHT—MYSTERIES NOT TO BE PENETRATED—THE FALL OF MAN AND HIS REDEMPTION—MAN POSSESSED OF FREE WILL FROM THE BEGINNING—WHY THE HUMAN FAMILY ARE SUBJECTED TO PUNISHMENT—GOD'S GRATUITOUS GOODNESS AND MAN'S DELIBERATE INGRATITUDE.

On last Sunday, a Mission was commenced, and continued through the week, at St. Bridget's Church, under the auspices of the Dominican Fathers from Benecia. Large numbers went to hear them, for the Dominicans, all over the world, are famed for their eloquence, and those of California prove themselves by no means wanting in the ability exhibited by their Order in other quarters of the world. They are known in most places by the significant appellation of "Friar Preachers," which fact alone is fully indicative of their great *forte*. Hence, we were not surprised to see St. Bridget's Church thronged, night and day during the week, by persons of every denomination, eager to hear the great truths of salvation expounded by those learned Fathers. The Order was first established by St. Dominic, at Toulouse, in France, shortly after the institution of the Rosary by that glorious Saint, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, when it swept away every vestige of the Albigensian herself. Here it will be interesting to our readers to know that, in 1213, A. D., the Rosary was used by the soldiers of the Count De Montfort's army, before the battle of Muret, to insure them success. It is unnecessary to go into all the historical details as to the cause of this battle; suffice it to say that on the tenth of September, 1213, 100,000 heretics appeared before the walls of Muret under the king of Arragon, and were opposed by only 800 horse and a few men-at-arms, under the command of De Montfort. The Rosary was recited, and the Catholic chieftain and his heroic followers rushed on the open gates of Muret, feigned a retreat, and suddenly dashing back upon their enemies, broke through their ranks, galloped headlong to the center of the hostile forces, where, after a fierce struggle, they slew the king and his nobles. The king's army became panic-stricken before the desperate charge of De Montfort's chivalry, who, with his victorious band, returned exulting from the field, giving thanks to God and the Holy Virgin for the triumph of their arms.

THE ZEAL OF THE DOMINICANS.

Not alone in civilized society, but amongst savages and semi-barbarians also, have the Dominican Fathers exerted themselves for the salvation of souls. Equally zealous in times of persecution as in times of peace, they ever pursued the steady object of their mission with a constancy that has called forth the praise of their bitterest enemies; and that mission has been to rescue from error and from sin the fallen and the weak. To accomplish this noble purpose, they despised the torture and the scourge. The scaffold and the block had no terrors for them, if, by a sacrifice of life, a single soul could be rescued from the Evil One. The Diegos, the Hyacinths, the O'Farrells, the O'Hynes and the Barriés of the Order, will ever be recorded as models of true Christian heroism, who scorned death and smiled on the grave when their duty commanded them to die for their creed, or their kind.

THE SERMON.

Every morning and evening throughout the week, a sermon was preached by one of the Fathers; on Tuesday evening the Rev. Father Vincent delivered a discourse, in which he treated the subject of man's Fall and his Redemption through the merits of Jesus Christ. He said that, as persons who scrutinize the sun and gaze too long upon it, would become blind because of being dazzled by the piercing rays it emitted, so, if by the light of human reason, they would wish to examine the hidden mysteries of God, and scrutinize the majesty of God, their minds would be obscured, and, as the Apostle expresses it, "they would be overwhelmed with glory." Therefore, as it would be folly to look steadfastly at the sun, through danger of becoming blind, unless indeed one would look at it through the proper medium, so, likewise, was it folly to gaze upon the majesty of God, to penetrate the mysteries of God, unless through the proper medium of Faith. St. Paul says that we see, while here, as through a mirror, but in Heaven we shall see God as he is, face to face, and understand fully those mysteries that are now incomprehensible to us. It was true, not alone in regard to the Trinity, that it was a mystery not to be investigated, but

it was also true in regard to all other mysteries. Relative to

THE MYSTERY OF REDEMPTION.

the Rev. clergyman said that it supposed the Fall, that it supposed Original Sin; for, the object of Redemption was to atone for the Fall and for its evil consequences. God created man in his own image and likeness in a perfect order, with all his faculties fully developed, the body subject to the soul and the soul subject to the body. He had liberty to choose happiness forever, or misery. *Man had perfect liberty*, and this could not be denied. Man abused that liberty, and transgressed the Commandment of God that was imposed on him. From the moment the soul rebelled, the inferior parts of the soul rebelled also. All the minor passions got birth; man's evil propensities became developed, and human nature, thus corrupted, was subjected to miseries ever after, just as it would have been glorified for eternity if our first parents yielded not to the tempter.

GOD'S JUSTICE VINDICATED.

It might be considered strange that the children of Adam should share the misfortune of their father. But was it not what happened every day in life? How often had they not seen or heard of spendthrift fathers wasting away their wealth in luxury and extravagance; fathers who gave themselves up to gambling, to drunkenness and dissipation, squandering their means, to the terrible detriment of their children, leaving them to inherit poverty, and hunger, and shame, and sorrow. Over and over again, in daily life, do the unfortunate offspring of wicked parents suffer for the misdeeds of those who brought them into the world. Yet, blasphemous creatures, in human shape, will dare arraign the justice of Omnipotence because He carries out His decrees, rewarding the just and punishing the unjust as they deserve. The consequences of original sin were ignorance, a propensity to evil, and a darkness in our understanding. It should not be forgotten that man was created in a perfect state of innocence, with full power to choose between good and evil, and, through his own fault, he corrupted his human nature, entailing misery on his race.

INFINITE SATISFACTION.

Father Vincent introduced here the example of a sculptor, whose piece of workmanship got broken, and showed how he alone could repair the injury better than any one else, as it was he who first formed or fashioned it. So it was with God; He created man in His own image; and when the damage was done, He was the only One who could repair it. Besides, sin was an infinite offense, and none but an Infinite Being could atone for it. The Rev. gentleman then explained the nature of the Hypostatic Union, and showed, in eloquent terms, how it was necessary that Jesus Christ should be both God and Man in order that the Justice of the Father should be appeased. He showed how it was necessary for Our Lord to assume flesh; for otherwise, he could not suffer; and he showed how His human nature had to be united, hypostatically to His Divine nature; for, otherwise the satisfaction would not be infinite. God, being impassable, could not suffer of himself as God, and therefore he assumed human nature, in order to be capable of enduring the miseries of life for love of man. It was then, through Jesus Christ, as man and God, that

THE INCARNATION WAS EFFECTED.

In our Lord, there was not the human perfection arising from body and soul as in man; but there was a higher perfection; there was no need of human perfection when there was the perfection of the Deity present in Him. There were two natures in Jesus Christ, but there was only one Jesus Christ as with a man, who, though composed of a body and soul, was nevertheless but one man. From the fact that Christ possessed a human as well as divine nature, He was therefore subject to all the sufferings of life. But He was not subject to sin. He assumed human nature in all its perfection; so much so, that Adam, according to St. Paul, was only the type of Jesus Christ. In regard to the miseries of life, our Saviour experienced them as a

SACRIFICE FOR SIN.

He suffered more intensely than any creature could suffer, because of the perfection of His nature. His soul was possessed of all supernatural gifts, amongst others the gift of prevision. From the first moment that He lay a helpless babe in the manger, he knew every thing that was to transpire to the time of His Passion. Every act He performed was an act of the Deity, an act of God, for He was true God and true Man; so, when He was born, and suffered from hunger, and fatigue, and all the various miseries of His sorrowing life, it should be said that God suffered, as men, when they see an act performed with they don't say such a one's head, or mouth, or hand, or foot did it; but such a man did it.

CHRIST'S TRANSFIGURATION

was not a miracle when he appeared glorified before Peter, James and John upon the Mount; but the real miracle consisted in concealing His glory during life, inasmuch as He was God all through. He suffered and died merely because He wished it; it was no wonder therefore, when he cried out with a loud voice upon the cross before expiring, that the Centurion remarked, "truly He was the Son of God." The Divinity of Christ was particularly proved in His Resurrection; He rose from the dead of His own free will, for life and death were subject to Him. In the tomb, though His soul and body were separated, His body was not separated from His Divinity; but when He did arise with body and soul united, it was to show that He ascended gloriously into Heaven to prepare a place of happiness there for His apostles and all His followers.

THE UNBOUNDED LOVE OF JESUS CHRIST.

In order to make infinite atonement for sin, all the sufferings of Our Saviour were not necessary, because one drop of His precious blood would have been enough. He suffered to awaken your love, and to be an example for you, and to challenge your affection and your spirit of generosity. He suffered for His own infinite designs, which could not be explained. As Adam lost his gifts for himself and his prosperity, so Jesus Christ, the second Adam, gained them back for you, throwing open Heaven's gates that you may enter *if you choose*. But you must comply with the conditions, and become united with our Lord in the Holy Sacrament. When you fall from a union with Him, you imperil your salvation. While you remain united to Christ by a perfect imitation of His virtues, you are secure, and by persevering in service you may consider it certain that you will obtain eternal life.

CONVERSIONS.

AN EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN RENOUNCES PROTESTANTISM AND BECOMES A CATHOLIC.

The Rev. Joshua D. Bradley, a graduate of Oxford University, England, and for some years pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Sacrament, New York, has renounced Protestantism, and embraced the Catholic Faith. In his farewell sermon to his late congregation, he stated his reasons for abandoning his former belief.

"But there are no difficulties in the Roman system to be compared with the Anglican. While the Roman Catholics may differ in matters of taste, opinion, or policy, we are all at sea on the question of each and every Sacrament. While the presiding bishop of the whole American Episcopal Church (the Bishop of Ohio) is known to think Episcopacy the most valuable and useful form of Protestantism, but certainly not of Divine origin, or essential to true Christianity. But, my brethren, you will say, 'What of Papal Infallibility?' I confess it has for me a great charm. Our Lord is, of course, the head of His Church; and He has a vicar upon earth. The visible Church must have a visible head; the infallible Church an infallible head. The Pope cannot err ministerially, acting as the head of the Church, though as a private doctor or theologian, he may err and commit errors of judgment in ecclesiastical discipline. Our treasure is in an earthen vessel, and therefore abuses are to be expected, and the head of the Church is such a head that he may not, for instance, say to the head, 'I have no need of thee.' Yet this is what the Anglican Church did say when she severed herself from Rome. King Henry VIII, and all his successors since, too, have most positively told the Pope, contrary to the Scriptural command, 'I have no need of thee.' Deny this if you can. I leave the Anglican Church, thanking God that there are so many sweet souls in her communion, striving after Catholic unity. Of all the forms of Protestantism, Anglicanism is the highest. There is more good among Anglicans than among Presbyterians, more good among Presbyterians than among Baptists, and so on through the various grades of Congregationalism, Unitarianism, etc. But high above them all on the rock stands the Church of Peter. And if you ask me why I join the Roman community in preference to any other, I will answer as Father Ignatius Spencer did, who, formerly an Anglican clergyman, died a Catholic priest. 'Father, why do you always travel third class?' 'Because,' said he, 'there is no fourth.' And so I join the Roman community because there is nothing higher I can join. It is the genuine and perfect form of Christianity. For it was not without reason that our Lord said to Peter: 'Satan hath desired to have you (the Apostles) that he might sift you like wheat; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not.' And as a matter of fact, the faith of the Roman Church has never failed, never will fail, for He, who is the truth, has promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Diverse, no doubt, in discipline, as diverse as the characters and temperaments of Catholic nations, but one in faith, communion and obedience. There is, of course,

nothing good which cannot be abused; but I am no more responsible for abuses in the Roman than in the Anglican pale. As a matter of taste and principle, I would rather see a devout old woman bending on her knees to a black-faced image of the Virgin in Spain, than go to the cupboard of Trinity Church, New York, and find a black bottle labelled 'consecrated wine.'

"I believe in one holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church." Ask yourselves, is the Anglican Church one? It is neither one with itself nor with any other body. Is she holy? She has not canonized a single saint since the Reformation. Is she Catholic? No, merely national. Is she Apostolic? No one accepts her orders, and many of her greatest lights do not believe in their necessity at all. One more word and I have done. It was not without some insight into the future of Christianity that our Lord spoke a parable comparing a house built upon the sands, shifting, changing, receding, at the mercy of the wind and wave, to the house built upon the rock. What is the rock? A Council which is held to be infallible in your own Church teaches you, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'

"In conclusion, do not let my course, or the slanderous tongues that will lash me when this thing is publicly known, frighten you back into Protestantism. If Roman Catholicism is so manifestly an error, it will bear a thorough examination. Just exercise your common sense, and as you would do in a matter of business speculation, search and look; consult the teachers on both sides, and, like people of common sense, judge between them, never forgetting the necessity of prayer, and the fact that neither father nor mother, nor any social or worldly interests are to be preferred to the sweet will of our holy Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

A correspondent of the New York *Tablet* furnishes the following information: One of the most beautiful and impressive ceremonies it has been my pleasure to witness occurred the other day at the Church of the Immaculate Conception. I refer to the baptism of Miss Marie Adele Caroline Longfellow, niece of the poet, Henry W. Longfellow. Miss Longfellow has been for some time past under instruction, and after the most careful and particular examination, has become convinced of the hollowness of Protestantism, and concluded to return to the bosom of Holy Mother Church, where she has happily found that rest and peace and all which she has so long sought in vain. The conversation of Miss Longfellow has been the occasion of quite a flutter among the select circle of the little Ritualistic Church of the Messiah, in Florence Street, where she has for some time been a worshipper, and from whose ranks she is said to be the seventh convert. Quite a number of Miss Longfellow's Protestant friends were present at her baptism, and the ceremony evidently produced a very favorable impression on their minds. Mrs. Dr. Salter, herself a convert, and for many years an influential member of the Episcopal Church of the Advent, in this city, stood as sponsor. It is understood that a friend of Miss Longfellow, also a former attendant of the Church of the Messiah, a grand niece of a former French Consul, is now under instruction, with the full purpose of following the example of her friend. The work of conversion in Boston is by no means confined to sporadic cases. The Fathers of the college always have a number of persons under instruction, and numerous cases of conversion are constantly taking place in the various churches of the city, especially during the missions which are frequently given."

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.—Monsieur Dupanloup has addressed to the Catholic Committee established in Paris, which has petitioned the Assembly against the bill, a letter which begins thus:

"Gentlemen.—The Catholic Committee pursues an end which is worthy of all praise, and, in combating tendencies hostile to our religion, I am happy to applaud your efforts. It is certain that education is the great battle-field selected in our days by the intellectual enemies of our faith. It is there that they hope to seize hold of the French youth, so as to fashion future generations in impiety and scepticism. It must be acknowledged that they conduct this war with a skill which is only equalled by their perseverance."

The Bishop concludes by expressing a hope that the children of light will show themselves as alive to the situation as the children of darkness.

THANKS.—We are indebted to the author, E. C. E. Ville, of Santa Clara College, for a copy of his *Fairest of the Fair Polka*, dedicated to Miss Joey Regan, of San Francisco. The music is a sweet production of a master hand and is only another testimonial to the great genius of the author whose reputation as a composer and performer has already attained a high degree of eminence.

The Catholic Guardian.

FRANCIS DILLON EAGAN, Editor.

"WHOSOEVER WILL BE SAVED, BEFORE ALL THINGS IT IS NECESSARY THAT HE HOLD THE CATHOLIC FAITH, WHICH FAITH, EXCEPT EVERY ONE DOETH HOLD ENTIRE AND INVIOLENT, WITHOUT DOUBT HE SHALL PERISH EVERLASTINGLY. THIS IS THE CATHOLIC FAITH WHICH EXCEPT EVERY ONE BELIEVES FAITHFULLY AND STEADFASTLY, HE CANNOT BE SAVED."—Creed of St. Athanasius.

Catholic Calendar.

MARCH—31 DAYS.

1. Friday.—The Holy Lance and Nails.
2. Saturday.—Of the Fera.
3. Sunday.—THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT. Epist. Eph. v. 1-9; Gosp. Luke xi. 14-28.
4. Monday.—St. Casimir, Confessor. St. Lucius, Pope and Martyr.
5. Tuesday.—Of the Fera.
6. Wednesday.—Of the Fera.
7. Thursday.—St. Thomas Aquinas, Confessor and Doctor of the Church. SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, Martyrs.
8. Friday.—The Five Wounds of our Lord.
9. Saturday.—St. Frances of Rome, Widow.
10. Sunday.—FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT. Epist. Galat. iv. 22-31; Gosp. John vi. 1-15.
11. Monday.—St. John of God, Confessor. (Mar. 8.)
12. Tuesday.—St. Gregory I., Pope, Confessor and Doctor of the Church.
13. Wednesday.—The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste. (March 10.)
14. Thursday.—Of the Fera.
15. Friday.—The Most Precious Blood of our Lord.
16. Saturday.—Of the Fera.
17. Sunday.—PASSION SUNDAY. Epist. Hebr. ix. 11-15; Gosp. John viii. 46-59.
18. Monday.—St. Gabriel, Archangel.
19. Tuesday.—St. Joseph, Confessor, SPOUSE OF THE B. V. M., AND PATRON OF THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH.
20. Wednesday.—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor. (March 17.)
21. Thursday.—St. Benedict, Abbot.
22. Friday.—Seven Dolours of the B. V. M.
23. Saturday.—Of the Fera.
24. Sunday.—PALM SUNDAY. Less. Exod. xv. 27 and xvi. 1-7; Gosp. Matt. xxi. 1-9; Epist. Phil. ii. 5-11; Passion, Matt. xxvii. and xxviii.
25. Monday.—Of the Fera. Holiday. Obligation to hear Mass and abstain from servile works. Less. Is. i. 5-10; Gosp. John xii. 1-9.
26. Tuesday.—Of the Fera.
27. Wednesday.—Of the Fera.
28. Thursday.—HOLY THURSDAY. Epist. 1 Cor. xii. 20-32; Gosp. John xiii. 1-15.
29. Friday.—GOOD FRIDAY. Less. Osee. vi. 1-7 and Exod. xii. 1-11. Passion, John xviii. and xix.
30. Saturday.—HOLY SATURDAY. Epist. Col. iii. 1-4; Gosp. Matt. xxviii. 1-7.
31. Sunday.—EASTER SUNDAY. Epist. 1 Cor. v. 7-8; Gosp. Mark xvi. 1-7.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1872.

OFFICIAL.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT IN 1872.

FOR THE DIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

1. All the WEEK DAYS of Lent, from Ash Wednesday, February 14, till Easter Sunday, are fast days of precept, on one meal, with the allowance of a moderate collation.
2. The precept of fasting implies also that of abstinence from the use of flesh meat. But, by dispensation, the use of flesh meat is allowed in this diocese during Lent, except on the following days, to wit: the Wednesdays and Fridays, the Ember Days, and the Thursday and Saturday of Holy Week; on which days there is no leave to use flesh meat, except by dispensation from the respective Pastors, which they are hereby authorized to grant in cases of necessity, to be judged by them. All Saturdays are also days of abstinence, but no of obligation.
3. The promiscuous use of fish and flesh meat, at the same meal, is forbidden in Lent, even on Sundays.
4. Some prayers, at option, are recommended during Lent, particularly on those days in which flesh meat is used.
5. Lent being a penitential time, the Pastors are requested to lay before the Faithful the importance of Christian mortification, and also the grievous obligation of complying with their Easter duty, which may be fulfilled from the first Sunday in Lent; they will frequently and earnestly impress upon their respective flocks the necessity of attending, before all other things, to the salvation of their souls, and they will exhort them to the faithful discharge of their Christian duties, the only thing that can secure to us the everlasting happiness of heaven. For this purpose, they will hold religious exercises in their churches several times a week, according to what their prudence may deem expedient.

JOSEPH S. ALEMANY,

Archbishop of San Francisco.

THE VOICE OF THE HOLY FATHER.

"PROVIDENCE SEEMS TO HAVE GIVEN, IN OUR DAY, A GREAT MISSION TO THE CATHOLIC PRESS. IT IS FOR IT TO PRESERVE THE PRINCIPLES OF ORDER AND OF FAITH, WHERE THEY STILL PREVAIL, AND TO PROPAGATE THEM WHERE IMPIETY AND COLD INDIFFERENCE HAVE CAUSED THEM TO BE FORGOTTEN." (Letter of Pope Pius IX, in 1851.)

"We urgently beseech of you to assist, with all good will and favor, those men who, animated with spirit and possessed of sufficient learning, are laboring and publishing books and journals for the defense and propagation of Catholic doctrine." (Encyclical of Pope Pius IX, in 1853.)

"Leave nothing untried by which our holy religion and its salutary teaching may more increase in the United States, and unhappy wanderers may return to the safe path." (Letter from Pope Pius IX, to the Prelates of the United States, in 1855.)

CARD FROM THE ARCHBISHOP.

TO THE REVEREND CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO:

Many of you have already learned, no doubt with pleasure, that FRANCIS DILLON EAGAN, for many years a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has lately renounced Protestantism and embraced the Catholic faith. In a public lecture here, he, in eloquent terms, gave his reasons for such a step. DR. EAGAN has resolved to devote all his energies and abilities to the cause of our holy Religion, and to the spread of Catholic doctrine; and to this end he has started a paper, THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN, to be devoted exclusively to Catholic interests. As its Editor, he proposes to visit the several parishes of the Archdiocese, and expects the co-operation and assistance of the Catholic clergy and laity.

I am sure you will give him a hearty welcome, and render him every assistance in your power to get a large number of subscribers, which alone can make the new paper a success.

JOSEPH S. ALEMANY,

Archbishop of San Francisco.

A TALK WITH OUR FRIENDS.

We had hoped that by this time we would be able to enter upon the regular weekly issue of THE GUARDIAN. We regret to state that our subscription list does not yet warrant us in engaging in so expensive an undertaking. When we issued our specimen number, in January, we had not a single subscriber's name on our books. When we issued the second number, a month later, we had fifteen hundred, and during the month of February our subscribers have increased to the number of two thousand. This, however, has been accomplished only by direct personal effort and laborious canvassing.

Our friends tell us that we ought to have ten thousand subscribers, and this is not impossible from amongst a population of one hundred and seventy-five thousand Catholics. Had we that number, we could publish a paper not only weekly but daily, which is a necessity that all feel; and a want that we design ultimately, with the blessing of God, to supply.

We must have three thousand subscribers before we can promise the weekly issue of THE GUARDIAN with any assurance of success; and we are fully confident that we shall, within a few weeks, reach that number. But we can do so only by continuing our canvass from parish to parish, and from house to house. Our friends will very readily understand that, as we are entirely alone and unable as yet to obtain the assistance we need, and, therefore, are obliged to attend not only to the editorial department, but also to the management of all the complicated details connected with the publishing of a newspaper, it is quite impossible for us to make the necessary canvass of the widely-scattered parishes of the Diocese, and at the same time edit and publish our journal in a manner that would be satisfactory, either to ourselves or our readers. The delay, then, in producing the weekly issue of THE GUARDIAN rests not with us, but with the Catholic community, in whose interest, and for whose welfare, it is published.

It is painful to realize that, in Catholic California, where the Church possesses the fairest field in the world, and where Catholics themselves enjoy, to a very great degree, the wealth and prosperity that the country so abundantly yields, we are compelled to waste our time in canvassing for the small number of subscribers that we need to meet the expenses which the mechanical labor alone on our paper involves.

We call the attention of our readers to the card from His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop. It certainly, in itself, ought to be enough to give us, without further delay, the requisite number of subscribers.

We appeal to the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese of San Francisco for that measure of support which springs from the fact that it is of the first importance to the rising generation that they should be brought in contact with the truth through the columns of the press. There are daily and

weekly newspapers published in our midst that not only misrepresent and malign the Church, but are absolutely poisoning the minds and corrupting the morals of our children. The initial step with this licentious press is always the most dangerous. The shock of astonishment and, perhaps, of consternation to-day becomes a blunted morality to-morrow, and, on the third day, a morbid and vicious curiosity is excited, which can be satisfied only by the most highly seasoned columns of murder, robbery, prize-fighting and kindred topics. Like the poor slave to opium, he who patronizes the sensational press of the day becomes the victim of its revolting recitals, so that he at length rejects every thing else as unprofitable and prosy. Amidst the flood of irreligion and infidelity borne past our doors, and into our houses, every day, by this reckless and licentious press, is it not of paramount necessity that a sound Catholic Journal should be patronized and sustained, as a barrier against the dangers, temptations and follies which beset Catholic youth on all sides? Every one admits it. But every one does not lend his aid to extend the influence of that great agency of morals and dogmas as well as of useful and entertaining intelligence, the *Catholic Press*.

To the lukewarm and indifferent we address ourselves as fully as to the zealous and devout. Let all do their duty in the spirit of good Catholics, and we shall earnestly strive to do ours. We shall spare no pains to make THE GUARDIAN a complete success in every respect. We have entered the field of Catholic Journalism with a full consciousness of its attending labors and difficulties, and determined, with the assistance of Divine Providence, to overcome all obstacles and meet all contingencies.

Reader, will you do your part?

WEAKNESS OF FALSEHOOD.

In the last number of the GUARDIAN, in demonstrating the weakness of falsehood, we had occasion to refer, incidentally, to the popular misrepresentations of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Since writing that article, we came, accidentally, across a scrap we had some months ago cut from our worthy literary contemporary, the *Golden Era*, and laid aside, as we do many other valuable screeds. This determined us to continue our subject under the same head. All Catholics are not historians. They feel and know that they have the true faith. No amount of falsehood will shake the faith of one who practices the Catholic religion; but he is often placed at great disadvantage, even in his own household, by the falsehoods which creep in through the columns of papers which he could not, without downright bigotry, exclude. Some of these put on great friendship for the Church, and profess to defend her. Some of them may be sincere, but they are by far the more dangerous class. They were certainly the class we paid most attention to when we were floating around in the chaos of Protestantism, mixed with infidelity. We have, however, much charity for this class of writers, because, had we ever written on theological subjects at all before we landed upon the Rock upon which the Saviour of mankind built his Church, we should have been apt to have employed the same style. We will not, therefore, accuse the writer of the extract we here give, from the *Era*, of insincerity, or even of a desire to do the Church an injury. It is written in answer to one signing himself "Protestant," and is as follows:

The facts about the massacre of St. Bartholomew are as follows: The massacre of St. Bartholomew commenced at Paris on the night of the Festival of that Saint, August 24th, 1572. According to Sully, 70,000 Huguenots, (French Protestants) including men, women and children, were murdered by secret orders from Charles IX, at the instigation of his mother, the Queen Dowager, Catherine de Medici. Pope Gregory XIII ordered a Te Deum to be performed on the occasion, with other rejoicings. So much for facts. Now you must remember that the world is three centuries older now than it was then, and people are wiser. Persecution for religious opinion is no longer tolerated even in despotic countries. When, therefore, you assume that Roman Catholics would repeat the terrible outrages of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries if they had the power, you ignore the fact that the world has changed in three centuries. There may be bigots in the Roman Catholic Church who would like to make proselytes in the old way, but the great mass of the people stand between these bigots and their possible victims. We are not Catholic in belief, but we desire to render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's. These religious prejudices are evidence of a very narrow mind, and should be conquered as speedily as possible.

The writer of the above had, perhaps, read only one account of the massacre—that of Sully, which he quotes. That account, we admit, we have not read, but suppose he is quoted correctly. At the time of the massacre, Sully was in his twenty-third year, and was an active partisan of Henry of Navarre, the nominal head, at least, of the Huguenots. And when Henry became King of France, Sully was his Prime Minister. It was natural that he should make as strong a case as possible against the Catholic party, but learned Protestants, removed by time from the bitter feelings naturally engendered by such events, have discovered that the reigning Pope, Gregory XIII, ordered the rejoicings spoken of only on the first news that came that the life of the King of France had been saved from a con-

spiracy to take it. He did not rejoice that blood had been shed, but that a life had been spared. In fact, the Pope sent his nuncio to inquire into the origin of the difficulty, and to ascertain its instigators. The Catholic clergy of France, as a body, condemned it, and many of them took active means to protect the unfortunate Huguenots. For three centuries the Catholic population of the world have disclaimed all sympathy with the perpetrators of the outrage, and to-day hold the memory of the chief actors therein in as great abhorrence as any Protestant could.

The number of those who suffered death at that time, of course, has nothing to do with the responsibility of the Church, but that, too, has been greatly exaggerated. Fox, the author of the great Book of Martyrs, undertook to take the census of those slain, and he could find only 786, throughout all France, but Lingard estimates the number at 1,500, which is, perhaps, nearly correct. Fox lived at the time of the massacre, and has falsified the Catholic Church as much, probably, as any man that ever lived. He first placed the number at 30,000, then brought his estimates down to 15,168, and then tried the count which resulted in the 786, and it is likely that he could get at least half. Neither were all these Huguenots. The learned author of the paper on the subject, in the American Cyclopaedia, says:

"Nor was the slaughter confined to religionists only; for, in such a time of license, bad men availed themselves of it to gratify their private vengeance and resentments, and individual hatred or lust of gain had as many victims as public animosity or fanatical zeal. Creditors were murdered by their debtors; masters by their servants; fathers, it is said, by their sons, anxious to inherit before the natural time appointed; and, even children are reported to have been slaughtered by other children, in their cradles; and women avenged the loss of lovers, or resented superior beauty and attractions, by the murder of women."

But, we do not wish to try to beg the question of the Church's responsibility by diminishing the numbers slain, for we think it perfectly apparent that ambition and a thirst for political power was the sole cause of the order for the massacre. The Huguenots enjoyed all the privileges in France necessary to the observance of their religion, but certain men thought it convenient to seize hold of the differences of the people on religious questions, to forward their own ends. Civil war raged. Had we space, we think we could show here that the Huguenot leaders brought it on; but this is not very material to the point at issue. Political leaders brought on the war for their own advancement. Political leaders will always act the same, be they Catholic or Protestant. The bold and ambitious duke of Guise led one party; Henry of Navarre, Conde, and the admiral de Coligni led the other. The former was a Catholic; the latter were Protestants. Catherine de Medici, the mother of the king, and who procured the final order for the massacre, was at one time in league with the Coligni party, and planned the death of Guise. At the date of the massacre, she and Guise were working together. It was, for years, plot and counter-plot. The Huguenot party had been beaten in the field, but the King, Charles IX, anxious to cement a lasting peace, proposed the marriage of Henry of Navarre to his sister. The leaders of both factions were gathered in Paris to celebrate the event. At the instigation of the duke of Guise, an attempt was made on the life of the admiral de Coligni. This incensed the Huguenot party, and threats of vengeance were made. The King's mother, who had managed to keep in power by the discord of the nation, became jealous of the peace about to be consummated, and made the King believe his life was in danger, and procured the fatal order.

Subsequent events—the reign of terror, the recent scenes in the streets of Paris, when the Commune held sway—are sufficient to show what the French people are capable of when once free sway is given to the passion for destruction. The Free Masons took charge of the murder of the Archbishop of Paris, and other outrages as great as those of St. Bartholomew, but it would be hardly fair to intimate that it would take three hundred years of progress to purge the Masons of the world from the stain of an excited mob, who happened to belong to that order. The defense of the present Catholic Church, by the writer in the *Era*, on the ground that people are wiser now than they were three hundred years ago, is entirely gratuitous. The Church admits no such defenses. The Church does not pretend to be any wiser or any better now than she was eighteen hundred years ago. All through these ages, she has been led and guided by an All-wise mind. Our Saviour promised to be with her all days, even to the consummation of the world. To doubt that he had left her for a day would be to throw aside all idea of revealed religion. We firmly believe that He has been with the Church every moment since He made the promise. One of the very strongest proofs of this is the fact that every attack made upon the Church is based upon a falsehood, and melts before the torch of investigation. We would like to follow this subject further, but space compels us to put it off for another issue of the GUARDIAN.

W. S. G.

IN MEMORIAM.

DEATH OF THE MOST REVEREND
MARTIN JOHN SPALDING,
 Archbishop of Baltimore,
 PRIMATE OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH

Biographical Sketch of the Departed Primate.

In less than one month the American Church has been bereft of two of her most distinguished Prelates; co-workers, life-long friends; venerable for the virtues and eminent for the intellect and learning of which the Church in all ages has been the fruitful mother.

Bishop McGill, who died on the 14th of January, and Archbishop Spalding, who died on the 7th of February, have left their widowed Sees in gloom and tribulation and typified the harmony and intimate relations of their lives in their reunion in death and a brighter reunion, we confidently trust, in Heaven. Martin John Spalding was born in Marion County, Kentucky, May 23d, 1810, just at the time when Bishop Flaget was entering on his Episcopal career in the West. It was under the paternal care and love, and with the example of this holy Bishop before him, that he entered upon and pursued his ecclesiastical studies; first, at St. Mary's Seminary, Marion County, which was conducted by the late Rev. Wm. Byrne, and next at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown. In 1830, he went to Rome and entered the celebrated Urban College of the Propaganda. He remained at this College four years, and at the end of his course, made a public defense covering the whole grounds of theology and Canon Law—which embraced two hundred and fifty-six theses or propositions which the powerful young Kentuckian maintained, speaking the entire session in the Latin tongue, for seven hours. The result of this championship, deemed able and eloquent, was, that young M. J. Spalding was proclaimed Doctor of Divinity by acclamation.

Dr. Spalding was ordained priest on the 13th of August, 1834, by Cardinal Pedicini, and after celebrating his first mass in the crypt or subterranean chapel of St. Peter's Church, over the tomb of the Apostles, he started homeward two days afterward. There were no ocean steamships in those days, and his journey from Rome to his home in Kentucky occupied four months.

As soon as he arrived in Kentucky he was made Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Bardstown, and on the death of the Rev. G. A. M. Elder, President of St. Joseph's College, he was appointed to succeed him. After having been again for a short time pastor of St. Joseph's Church, he was called, in 1843, to the Cathedral in Louisville, and five years later, to the Episcopate, under the title of Bishop of Lengone, and as coadjutor to the celebrated and venerable Bishop Flaget, the first Bishop of Louisville. He was consecrated in 1848, and spent sixteen years in Louisville, where he acquired great reputation as a controversialist, writer, and pulpit orator, and as the author of numerous most valuable works. He was always ready to expound and defend the dogmas of his church, and to enter the field against any opponent. The Supreme Pontiff fully recognized his zeal, and after the death of Archbishop Kenrick, he was created Archbishop of Baltimore, May 12th, 1864, and thus became the Primate of Honor of the Catholic Church in the United States, in consequence of the See of Baltimore being the oldest in the Republic. On July 31st, 1864, Archbishop Spalding took formal possession of the Archiepiscopal See, forty or fifty thousand people crowding the Metropolitan church and the adjoining streets on the interesting occasion.

During the period of over seven years that he has administered the Archdiocese of Baltimore, more than twenty new churches have been erected and opened for divine service, of which three are in Washington and five in Baltimore. One of the most remarkable events of his administration was his convening and presiding over the second Plenary Council of Baltimore, in October, 1866, which was composed of all the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States. It was convoked by Archbishop Spalding in accordance with letters from Pope Pius IX, appointing him Delegate Apostolic, with full powers. Never did America witness such a gathering before.

Archbishop Spalding, during his residence in Baltimore, was called to Rome on two different occasions. The first was the occasion of the eight-hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of Saints Peter and Paul; and to assist at the Canonization of various great heroes of the Church in modern times. The second visit was in response to the bull issued by the Pope, June 29th, 1868, calling the Ecumenical Council to assemble in the holy city on December 8th, 1869.

The Council of the Vatican—the event of the

nineteenth century—the epoch to which all future ages will look back whenever and wherever the Infallible Church and its Infallible Head claim the tribute of the world's homage and devotion, or challenge and command the wonder and respect of its scoffers, which they will do *ubique gentium* to the consummation of the world. This great and auspicious event has lifted up Archbishop Spalding into history, has written his name in letters of gold on its imperishable page, and connected the name of the American Primate forever with the immortal name of Pius IX, that Pius who will be called Great in "states unborn and accents yet unknown." Archbishop Spalding's Pastoral on the Dogma of Infallibility was written in Rome immediately after the definition, and has been widely read in Europe and America. It fully sustains and argues in advocacy of the glorious dogma. The spirit of prompt obedience to the voice of the Vicar of Christ was his crowning glory in life, and is his consolation in Eternity, and will be a title to everlasting reward.

As a writer, Archbishop Spalding stood pre-eminently high. His principal works are "Sketches of the Early Catholic Mission of Kentucky," "The Life and Times of Bishop Flaget," "A Review of D'Aubigne's History of the Protestant Reformation," "Miscellanea, a Collection of Reviews, Essays and Lectures, Historical, Literary and Theological," and "Lectures on the Evidences of Catholicity."

To no other Catholic writer of modern times are we, personally, so deeply indebted for our present peace of mind and sure foundation of happiness. In our weary journey through the labyrinths of Protestant heresy, his *Lectures on the Evidences of Catholicity* removed many a dark cloud from our mental vision and cheered our heart with the beautiful living light of a certain Faith—of an Infallible Church founded upon the granite Rock of Truth, a divinely planned and an imperishable structure, towering in solitary grandeur amidst the jarring sects that error has multiplied, and the broken scepters and ruined empires that time has scattered around her.

Archbishop Spalding's *Review of D'Aubigne's History of the Protestant Reformation* is a masterpiece of erudition and research. Into this remarkable book he has condensed volumes of Catholic criticism and tomes of theological disquisition on the principles and workings of Protestantism. Combining the powers of historical criticism which characterized Bossuet with the penetrative and analytic mind of Moehler, he has produced a review of the Protestant Reformation which neither the *Variations* nor the *Symbolism* equals.

Protestantism has been a conspiracy against the truth for the past three centuries, and our distinguished author undertook to meet the chief of the conspirators, unmask their plans, disclose their plots and unravel their schemes. All this he had to accomplish with materials and instruments which were themselves open to suspicion. He found history falsified, criticism prejudiced, and opponents bent on admitting nothing. He assailed the pet historian of the Reformation, who had all the Protestant Universities in Europe searching history for him; he attacked men whose life-long studies had been devoted to a single purpose, that of making out a case against the Church, he threw down the gauntlet to critics before whose dicta the schools and the press bowed in lowly reverence; he attacked errors and prejudices that were the growth of centuries, and that were fostered and nourished by every influence. Let his merit be judged by the result. D'Aubigne, in his last edition of his book, corrected statements which Spalding nailed as falsehoods; and the glorious (?) Reformation has ceased to be an idol before which grotesque fanaticism can offer, incense. The book was hailed with joy by Catholics in all parts of Europe, who were badgered and insulted by vapid quotations from D'Aubigne, and the American Prelate was greeted as the modern Bossuet.

Want of space compels us to omit a notice of his shorter writings, which are equally distinguished by the excellencies that shine in his more elaborate works.

Truly may we say that "a great man has fallen in Israel." It is not only the Archdiocese of Baltimore that is bereaved by his death, but the whole American Church. At such a time of dire calamity, when open warfare, and, still worse, secret machinations, surround and assail the Church of God on every side, it seems hard to lose a Prelate so clear minded, so devoted, so untiring in his zeal as was the lamented Archbishop of Baltimore; but in this, as in all else, we may not mourn at the dispensations of Providence, which are ever wise, ever just, ever beneficent.

By despatches from Rome, received on the very day of Archbishop Spalding's death, we learn that it was highly probable that the Holy Father would promote him to the dignity of a Cardinal next month, an honor never before mentioned in connection with the name of an American. The illustrious deceased did not live to learn the news from Rome, but was called to a higher reward in Heaven. *Requiescat in pace.*

A VOICE OF WARNING.

The time has come when there should be, at once and every where, a grand gathering of all Catholic forces, all along the battle-lines of the faith, in order to defend ourselves and our interests as Catholics, against the enemies, who, in mighty numbers and in many guises, are advancing to the attack.

Look around you! Everywhere, every-day, societies, un-Catholic and anti-Catholic, are springing, at the summons of the Voices of Evil, into life, and union, and action. They fling their standards to the winds of passion, and defiantly advance. In the pride of earthly power, and with every weapon this world can make, they have gathered for a final attack. High above them, blazoned with the triumphs of nineteen centuries, waves the banner of Catholic Faith. They aim to tear it into shreds and trample it down in defeat. They hate the Cross; they hate the Church. They hate the Pontiffs; they hate the Priests. They hate the everlasting Altar and its Adorable Sacrifice. Hatred is their bond of union—a terrible bond, that cannot be broken save by the only bond that is mightier—the bond of Catholic faith and love.

Bind yourselves by that bond. Let it reach around the world—every link a Catholic heart, with the strength of Faith in it. Let it compass, the world—a chain without break or flaw, uniting millions of souls in one grand masterful purpose. Individually, you are weak. Collectively, you are stronger than all opposing forces united. Why not, then, unite—and at once? Learn a lesson, ye children of Light, from "those children of this world who are wiser than you in their generation." They recognize and act upon the power of association. Touch a single earthly interest, and those whose interest it is unite at once to save it. Attack a political interest, and at once a party rallies around it to defend it.

Learn a lesson from the sects. Divided as they are, and mutually antagonistic in many points, are they not a solid unit against the Catholic Church?

What, then, is the use of reasoning any further? Evident duty needs no reason to recommend it. Its self-evidence is its recommendation. Fronting you is your enemy—flashing before you is his sword—resounding around you is the battle-cry. And you? Are your arms still folded? Is your Catholic blood still cold? cold to death? or are you ready, with your hearts in your hands, and courage in your hearts, and firmness in your courage, and faith in your firmness; are you ready for union and for action?

Have you heard the cry of alarm coming from the lips of wealth? Have you seen the pallor of fear on the brow of power? Have you seen the handwriting of doom on the walls of the halls of kings?

What means it?

The International moves to the front, with a stealthy but a steady step for its work of ruin; and a shadow falls on the world. In London, Dublin, Paris, Brussels, Geneva, Turin, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, men meet at night. Low whispers pass between them; sometimes a dark, wild word bursts forth, like lightning from a cloud; and a lurid glare of fury lights up the faces of the conspirators. For they meet to conspire against that very civilization which has produced them.

Who are they? They are poor men, who have torn from their brows the crown of blessedness placed there by the hand of Christ himself; men who trample under foot the "Blessed are the poor;" and who look, with glaring eye, scowling brow, clenched hand and implacable hate upon that wealth which, like their poverty, has forgotten Christ.

Who are they? They are men who know and feel that they are but tools in the hands of kings and governments; who have lost all respect and reverence for the name of God, because they have rejected Him who is "The express image of the Father." Who are they? They are men, who, because they are governed by laws which disregard God, despise and hate the authority from which such laws emanate. And again, who are these men? They are the children of a Christless civilization. They are the awful incarnation of the false principles of the nineteenth century. If they are godless, this century has taught them to be so. If they are lawless, this century has made them so. Already kings and governments, in terror of these men, feel the need of self-defense against them. But kings and governments will fail. The lava of destruction is seething and hissing through the volcanic hearts of seven millions of Internationalists, and when the awful lava finds an outlet, woe to kings and kingdoms—crowns and thrones. The sweep of its destruction will be as wide as the world. But these men—seven millions strong, and their number, daily increasing, impelled by the fierce momentum of their evil principles must necessarily attack the sanctuary of all law and right and authority—the Catholic Church. In Europe, they do not disguise their hatred of the Holy One of God. They

are girding themselves for the work of persecution. Our Altars stand in their way. And we must stand around our Altars—a guard of honor—to defend them against sacrilegious hands. Back of these men, like a lion roaring in his lair, crouches the dark Evil One, preparing to spring, with his last and fiercest fury, upon the children of Truth.

We are the children of Truth—the sons of God—the elect of our race. We must be prepared; we must prepare by union—unity of purpose and of action.

Need any more reasons be given? Is it not unreasonable to reason at all in this crisis of our Church's history? Reasoning too often chills the glowing impulses of the Catholic heart. And do not the true, warm lips of every best Catholic impulse cry out UNITE!

Our Holy Church wears the royal purple of our Lord's Passion—has worn it since His Good Friday—will wear it down to the last. She is, to-day, the abandoned of the nations, the persecuted one, like her Master, of this world's Caesars.

Through the whole earth there is conspiracy against her. Wild human passions clamor for her downfall. There is union of millions against her. Shall there not be union of millions of millions for her defense, willing to meet any duty, in any hour, and brave enough to perform it?

CITY AND COUNTRY.

Far be it from us to discourage the sentiment which so universally pervades the Catholic heart to get near a Church, but it must be admitted that this leads to too great a congregation of Catholics in our cities. For those who have not the means to establish business in the city, and who are not artisans, the country affords by far the better field of operations. A man who is willing to work as many hours each day during the year upon a farm as he must work to maintain a family in the city, can become independent in a very few years. By going a little out of the way for the present, good land can be had for the taking. Suppose the man who is able only to live from hand to mouth, by hard labor, should be content to make only a living on one of these outside places for a few years, until it shall be brought into the market of the world by the railroads which are certain to be built in the next two or three years? he has, then, not only made his living during that time, which is all he could have done in the city, but he has a good farm all improved, and has reaped the advantage of the rise in land. Neither is it necessary that one family shall get off so far to itself as to be deprived of the blessings of the Church. The colony plan of settling a neighborhood has often been successfully tried. Twenty or thirty families could secure land enough in one body for homes for the whole; and in the midst of this colony the Cross could be erected, and schools established. Such a colony of good, practical Catholics could not only advance their own temporal interests, but they would be missionaries in spreading the faith. Many people are kept from the true fold of Christ, because they are ignorant of the doctrines taught by our Holy Mother, the Church; and they are ignorant, because they have never been brought in contact with practical Catholics. Protestants know of this disposition on the part of Catholics to remain near the Church, but it is said by them that we only wish to be in a position to sin all the week, and have our sins forgiven by the priest on Sunday, or perchance to purchase a license to sin for a week to come. Familiar intercourse with good, practical Catholics goes far toward, and in many instances does entirely dispel these erroneous impressions from the minds of the more fair-minded of the Protestants, and often leads to conversions.

A colony of this kind might take with them carpenters, blacksmiths, and other artisans, all good Catholics, and, for that matter, a priest to administer the Sacraments, so dear to the faithful that they habitually sacrifice their worldly well-being to be in a position to receive. Lands available for this purpose are rapidly being absorbed, while Catholics are crowding more and more into the towns and cities. Then, too, our children are exposed in the cities to all manner of evil influences, and rapidly fall from the embraces of a Church which requires so strict an account of all their actions. We would advise no hasty action. Men who are doing well should look well before making a leap, but we throw out these suggestions simply for consideration.

SADLER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY AND ALMANAC FOR '72.
 New York: D. J. Sadler. San Jose: A. Waldteufel.

This volume has been kindly furnished us by A. Waldteufel, of San Jose. It is a large book, devoted to statistics of the Catholic Church throughout the world. As a popular Catholic Directory for the United States it is very full, and as accurate, no doubt, as the publishers have been able to make it. If any one would look anywhere for facts and figures concerning the Church, it would be in the volume before us.

Selected.

THROUGH DEVIOUS WAYS.

CHAPTER I.

I was given to psychological studies in those days; was fond of attributing vagaries of disposition and eccentricities of temper to inherited perversions, insurmountable in themselves, and consequently the misfortunes—not faults—of their possessors. At that time I firmly believed in the mysterious attraction of soul to soul: in the mutual recognition of kindred spirits, and their sympathy with each other from behind the barriers of flesh and blood. I do not say I have quite abandoned the opinion now; but there is a reservation.

I had dipped a little into German mysticism; had sifted, as I thought, all creeds to the bottom—all save one. For Catholicity and its "superstitions" I had always entertained too profound a contempt to seek to acquire a further knowledge of its doctrines than any intelligent American can learn from the well-read (?) theologians who form its antipodes, and who launch forth anathemas against Rome on high-days and holidays when other subjects weary or grow flat. I flattered myself that my acquaintance with this particular form of idolatry was quite thorough for all practical purposes; the contamination extends no further; and yet I believe my case would represent that of nine-tenths of the thinking, intelligent Protestants of this peculiarly favored and grace-illuminated country.

It was—for me—the first party of the season. January had almost danced itself away, and the fashionables were beginning to anticipate Lent; but until to-night I had persistently refused all invitations from friends and acquaintances. Of the former I had very few; I had grown tired of the world, of pleasure-seeking, of myself. What wonder, when, in the great city of New York, with its hundreds of thousands of throbbing hearts, there was not one to whom in solemn truth I could hold out the right hand of friendship; not one upon whose sympathies I could anchor, should tide of fortune turn and leave me, a rich man to-day, the sport of her cruel waves to-morrow?

I prided myself on being cynical, turning out of the way of all stepping-stones that might have led to a happier existence: there was little faith in human nature in my heart, no religion in my soul.

Dissatisfied with my own aimless life, I sought no mirror in the lives of others; self-sufficient and cold, I avoided kindness and sympathetic associations. I was just at that point when safety and disgust render the world and its attributes almost unendurable.

On the evening before mentioned, I had been introduced to young ladies by the dozen; had mentally criticised, weighed, and found wanting each one upon whom I had inflicted the bane of my company through a dance. Tired and ill-humored, I was about going forward to take leave of the hostess, when a few words spoken just behind me made me pause and look around, curious to know who the "sweet singer" might be.

It was a woman's voice, clear and sweet, and the words were, "No, thank you; I never dance the round dances."

But a surging crowd of feverish waltzers drifted by me at the moment, as the delirious strains of Strauss's *Zamora* floated up from the balcony, and the face I would have scanned was lost amid the throng.

As I moved off a little from the dancers, and watched cheeks flush and bright eyes grow brighter at the call of voluptuous music, I could not but wonder at the inconsistency of fate and fortune that had brought into this ultra-fashionable gathering a lady, certainly young, and probably beautiful, who "did not dance the round dances."

I passed into the adjoining room. Several of the waltzers, tired and heated, had left the crowded *salon* before me; here and there a stray wall-flower tried to look unconscious and happy in the midst of dissolution; but my eye psychological wandered in vain up and down, seeking a face that would seem to indicate the owner of the voice heard a few moments before. At length a very young girl issued from a group that had been standing near the open window, and, as I marked the expression of her faultless mouth and soft blue eyes, I said to myself, "That is the one." But at the moment a young West-Pointer stepped forward to meet her, and in another instant my Madonna was whirling through the giddy maze.

"Pshaw!" I ejaculated half aloud, disappointed to find my intuitiveness at fault, and turned, as I did, to encounter an old friend, not seen for some time, who entered from the conservatory in company with a lady.

Surprise and pleasure caused us momentarily to forget politeness, so that several sentences were interchanged before Armitage recollected himself, and said, "Allow me, Helen. My friend, Mr. Moray, Miss Foster." I muttered something—the

young lady bowed; that was all. The couple passed on; and I am bound to confess that I did not notice the color of the lady's eyes and hair, and never once thought of her expression, psychologist as I was.

I recognized no kinship of feeling or sympathy as we stood within the circle of each other's magnetism; and yet my "destiny" had come to me, and the soul within me, that was to have risen and grown conscious at the approach, stood mute and made no sign.

After that, Fred Armitage called at my rooms several times, and succeeded in winning me away from my exclusiveness, in so much that I promised to be at his disposal for New Year's day, on condition that his visits of congratulation would be few and well chosen. He laughed at my conceit, as he was pleased to call it. "I don't fancy every body any more than you do, Ed," he said; "but one must make allowance and be sociable with the world. There's a difference between friends and acquaintances. One need not have a former if one doesn't wish; but the latter are indispensable, unless you give up the amenities of civilization at once. After which remark we rallied forth."

Toward evening, and when I had vowed for the fourth time that each successive call would be last, Fred paused before a handsome house on Fifth Avenue.

"I am not going in," I said, almost savagely, as he announced his intention of entering.

"Only here," he answered, "and I promise I'll go home with you. I must call. I should have made this one first; but I wanted to save the best morsel for the last. Come, Helen would never forgive me if I neglected her to-day."

"And what claim has the young lady on your time and affections?" I asked, somewhat more quietly than before, "you are not in love, or negated, or any thing of that kind?"

"*M'lun m'laudre*; it is my cousin, Helen Foster. I introduced you to Mrs. Parry's."

I had not time to say more; for the door opened at the juncture, and we were ushered into a large and elegantly furnished parlor, where sat two ladies—one old, and very charming in her old age; the other young and beautiful. Not lovely, there was nothing airy or fragile—bright color in her cheeks that made one think of long walks taken on wintry mornings; with large brown eyes, which, while they did not fall or fear as they looked into yours, yet had a shape of reticence, almost bashfulness, in their untroubled depths; with a wealth of rippling hair, golden-brown, crowning the well-poised head and defining the delicate ear; with a hand that felt warm, soft, and friendly, as mine closed over it.

"We have met before, I believe," she said, as Armitage repeated my name; then, turning to the other lady, "Mr. Moray, grandmamma, a friend of Fred's." And my dear little figure in the arm-chair rose and greeted me most kindly.

"Has there been no one here to-day, Helen?" asked Fred; "you look as though you were quite fresh, and not at all fatigued from the exchange of compliments, hand-shaking, etc."

"Oh, yes, there have been some few," she said. But grandmamma lives entirely at home, and you know I patronize society but seldom; consequently, we have been spared the dear five hundred particular friends, and flatter ourselves we feel quite as comfortable, notwithstanding. Isn't it so, grandmamma?" And she placed her hand affectionately on the old lady's arm. As the tones of her clear, well-modulated voice reached my ear, a vision of lights and flowers and flying feet rose before me, and I almost heard the bewildering waltz-music float through the air. And then, lifting my eyes to the face of the lady before me, I recognized my *rara avis* of that evening—the girl of the period who did not dance round dances.

To say that I was not interested in her from the first, would be to say an untruth. Her personality affected me pleasantly, and somewhat strangely. There was a freshness and elasticity about her that did not proceed from inexperience or acquaintance with the world; for dignity and self-possession characterized her every movement, and yet she seemed entirely unconscious of any claim to originality or naturalness; because she *was* so natural. Our call, that was to have been short, lengthened itself into an hour. Fred and her cousin made themselves mutually agreeable; I addressed myself to the elder lady, now and then exchanging a few words with the others.

When Fred arose to take leave, I felt no disposition to join him, and very unaccountably and inconsistently reproached him in my own mind for being in a hurry.

For the first time in many months I had felt sociably disposed, and had endeavored to make myself agreeable; and I was reluctant to leave that quiet, home-like parlor and its occupants; both so different from the brilliant, giddy butterflies within the flutter of whose wings I had been vacillating all that day. As we passed out into the still, cold night, I looked up at the quiet stars with

a kindly feeling. Fred talked in an unbroken stream until we approached my rooms. Arrived there, we spent the rest of the evening smoking and chatting. I expressed myself pleased with his cousin and her grandmother, whose only grandchild and sole heiress he informed me she was. The clock struck twelve as he arose to go. After I had come back to the fire, I remember the wholly strange, almost sorrowful feeling that possessed me. Gazing into the dying embers, I dreamed a half-waking dream, wherein the ghosts of other New Years, dead and gone, took form and shape, and with shadowy, reproachful gestures, seemed to beckon me away, back through old scenes and hopes and yearnings—faded—buried—vanished all for ever.

CHAPTER II.

One afternoon, in early spring, I happened to pass the cathedral just as service was over. I had spent the previous evening with Miss Foster—an event of not unusual occurrence now, although I never called unless when accompanied by Armitage. The current of my thoughts flowed pleasantly as the crowd of devout worshippers issued forth from their devotions. A lady passed out of the gate, and I immediately recognized the figure as that of Miss Foster. "Eccentric, certainly," I thought; "just like what I would imagine she might do. Strange that some of our most intelligent and highly educated women can fancy this attending Catholic churches."

I quickened my steps, and in a moment was at her side.

"Have you been at vespers, Mr. Moray?" she asked, as though it were the most natural thing in the world that I should have been there.

"Not I," I replied laughingly; "but you have, I presume?"

"Yes," she rejoined, "grandmamma will be scolding me, I am afraid. I went up stairs to lie down after dinner, having a slight headache. But once in the room I felt as though a walk would benefit me more, so I stole out."

"A crowded church is not the best place in the world in which to get rid of the headache," I responded.

"Mine has vanished, however," was the reply. "It had quite disappeared before I reached the church."

"Do you affect Catholic ceremonies generally, Miss Foster?" I asked; or rather do you admire Catholicism in the abstract? Or is it the incense and music and wax tapers that possess charms for you?"

"All these collectively have attractions for me," she answered, "but not in the way you imagine. You are inclined to believe, no doubt, that it is some romantic and impressionable vein in nature that sends me within the influence of Catholic ceremonies. But we are all liable to error; and you will not be deeply wounded, I hope, if I venture to advise you of your mistake in this instance. I am a Catholic, and hold all these things as a part of my faith."

"A Catholic!" I exclaimed in undisguised astonishment. "A Catholic! Not a Roman Catholic, Miss Foster? You mean that you are one in the true sense of the term?"

"I hope I do—I think that is what I mean. I am, by the grace of God, a Roman Catholic." And it seemed to me she spoke almost maliciously, as though deliberately to wound my dearest prejudices.

"You will the more readily excuse me for my inability to realize this information," I replied, "when I tell you that until now my acquaintance with members of your church has been very limited, and that those whom I have met have always belonged to the lowest classes of society. I find it difficult to convince myself that you can profess a belief whose tenets have always appeared to me to be a web of superstition. My associates have been altogether Protestant, and my prejudices, as you would call them, very decided wherever Rome was concerned. You may think me blunt, even impertinent; but allow me at the same time to acknowledge that I feel confident there must be something good and beautiful in a religion that one of your intelligent and refinement admires and professes."

"There is something good and beautiful in all religions," she answered, "or they would not be worthy of the name—mere attempts and half-promises as most of them are. But in ours, all is goodness and beauty. I can pardon, even understand your prejudices, for I shared them once. I was born and educated in the Presbyterian faith; a faith hard, cold, and unconsoling. I can remember the time when I regarded Catholicity as but another form of heathenism. For your estimate of my intelligence and refinement I can only thank you—all the more as you have never had opportunity to judge correctly of either; consequently, I must take the verdict for what it is worth. But here I am at home, and the lamps are lighted. How late it must be. Thank you again, and good evening."

With a little rippling laugh she left my side, and almost before I had time to answer her parting salutation, she had tripped up the steps and entered the house.

A crowd of conflicting thoughts pursued each other in my mind as I continued my walk. A consciousness that I endeavored vainly to ignore grew strongly as I reflected on what had passed, and weighed more minutely all the circumstances of our meeting and acquaintance. And with it was mingled a feeling of disappointment, almost of vexation and pain, as though I had been touched and assailed by some detested enemy.

I grew restless; nothing satisfied me. People said I looked ill. No wonder, when I sat up half the night trying to divert my mind from the study of its own problems to those of incomprehensible German philosophy. I reasoned with what I was pleased to term my weakness. But what could I do? I had kept out of the temptation; I had avoided assemblies where I knew she was likely to be; twenty times I had stood upon the threshold of her home, and as often turned and retraced my steps. One night I sat alone in my room, and almost vowed to put the thought of her from my mind at once and for ever. As I mused, Armitage entered unannounced.

"Disconsolate and melancholy as ever," he said cheerfully, and the sound of his happy voice made me desperate. Suddenly, involuntarily, I might say, I found myself answering him.

"I am tired of being desolate and melancholy though," I then carelessly, "what if we saunter down to Miss Foster's?"

Fred was all willingness, while surprised at my change of mood. We walked leisurely along. When we reached the house, Fred remarked that the shutters were closed, and that there was some probability of the young lady being out. I said nothing, but made a solemn compact with myself while we waited. "If she is net at home," I thought, "that vow shall be registered and kept; if she is, *che sera sera*."

Miss Helen was at home, the servant said. She reproached me for not having called in such a length of time, and wondered if the revelation made at our last meeting had not helped to keep me away. Then turning to her cousin, she said, laughingly, "Mr. Moray was horrified the other day, to hear of my being a Catholic."

"The other day!" I answered. "It is fully three months ago, and I have not been able to reconcile my mind to the fact."

"It is a fact, though, Ed," said Armitage; and greatly as I deplored the calamity when it happened, four years ago, I must confess that Helen has changed for the better in the interval. You see, she was irrepressible, some time since—before her conversation, as she calls it—doing every thing by fits and starts, and holding every one under the severest of despotism; but I actually believe this little devotion she has, this habit of confessing, has toned her down and made her the rational creature we see her. That's how you account for the change, isn't it, Coz?"

"Fred, you are unconscionable. Mr. Moray knows you as well as I do, no doubt, and weighs your verity proportionately. You don't admire Shelly, Mr. Moray?" interrogatively, as I turned over the pages of a richly bound edition of that author which lay upon a little table near me.

"No; and yet I do not look at him from the same point of view as you probably would. I think he was crazy. You, I suppose, would pass a more merciless judgment."

"Let us be charitable," she said, and hope that he was insane. But unhappily his was a species of insanity of which there are but too many instances."

After that, the talk fell upon books generally. The hours slipped by, and eleven o'clock struck before we took leave. Before I left her that evening, I had thrown down the barriers crumbling so long; I had seen and recognized a true, womanly woman, and, all unknown to her, had accepted what I knew to be the inevitable.

After this I went often to the enchanted castle. My fairy princess was nearly always accessible, but so she was to the rest of the world as well. How could I hope to be the favored knight, when her smiles were bestowed on all so generously? She was invariably kind and cordial; sometimes slightly sarcastic and critical, but never moody or sad. I often wondered from what source she drew her abundant cheerfulness, and how she managed to preserve it.

Never, by word or look, had I intimated my own feelings toward her; something told me to linger at the gate of paradise, content to see the roses blooming without daring to venture in. I felt that a suspicion once aroused in her mind would change our relations completely, and I had not begun to hope.

As things stood, we grew to be excellent friends. Our views differed widely on many points, but religion was the only really sensitive topic. More

than once I had noticed a look of pain in her face when I startled her with some of my materialistic views, and at last we tacitly avoided the subject altogether. While I admired her beautiful simplicity and faith, I could not understand then, as I do now, how any aspersion cast upon that faith could wound her as deeply as though it sought herself, and I had never wished to take it from her. In hopeful moments, few and far between, when I had dared to think of her as my wife, the thought of her religion and the absence of it in me had, strangely enough, never intruded itself upon me. Consequently, it was from no desire to weaken or alter her convictions in any particular that I became almost involuntarily instrumental in bringing matters to a crisis.

We had been reading French together, or, to speak more correctly, I had been reading it to her, one evening of every week, with the ostensible purpose of improving my pronunciation under her tutelage; for she spoke the language beautifully.

One day an old Parisian who lodged in the house with me, and who occasionally made my sitting-room the theatre of a homily on Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, and their *confreres*, laid upon my table a copy of Renan's "*grand succès*."

"Read it," he said; "read it in the original; it loses by translation."

I promised to do so. That evening I took it with me to Miss Foster's. As I walked leisurely along, the thought struck me that my "teacher" might probably not admire the "*grand succès*," but it only lingered a moment, and troubled me but little. "No harm in bringing it, any how—the style is good," I soliloquized, and rang the bell in a happier frame of mind than I had known for weeks. Fred usually joined us on French evenings, but to-night another engagement claimed him. Helen was sitting alone when I entered the parlor.

"Grandmamma has a headache this evening, and will not be down," she said apologetically.

I sat down, made a few trifling remarks, to which she responded, and then arose to bring the book we had been reading.

"Wait, I have something else to-night," I said, taking the volume from the table where I had placed it.

"What is it?" she asked, resuming her seat.

"Renan's book," I replied confidently. I thought I would bring it with me. He has an excellent style—unique and polished. He is the last sensation, you know."

"I will not read it," she said in a low tone.

"I'll read and you will listen," I answered.

"That is the usual arrangement, is it not?"

"I will not listen," she replied, and I saw by the angry flush mantling her forehead that I had committed a grave error; that she misunderstood my motives and was vexed.

"Pardon me," I said. "We will not read it, if you so desire; but, at the same time, there can be no harm in informing one's self on opposite views from our own. This is the spirit in which I should read the book, not fearing that I would bias my mind either one way or the other. Can you not be as liable?"

She left her seat and began fingering in a nervous way the ornaments that lay upon the mantel.

"I have no wish to hear my God and my religion railed or blasphemed at either, first or second hand," she said. "It would be none the less painful coming from the lips of one whom I had almost learned to call friend; but who has to-night, in a very few words, shown me who has to-night, for my religion I have been aware that you cherish an undisguised contempt; for myself I had hoped you entertained no contemptuous feeling. Surely, I had never given you reason for your action of this evening."

While she was speaking I had shaped my course. Precipitate as it might be, there was nothing left me now but a declaration of my real sentiments, unless I would forfeit her esteem for ever. Fully conscious of the disadvantages of time and circumstances as I was, and without any presumption of success, I then and there resolved to tell her the truth. It was but a hastening to the end.

"Stop one moment," I replied; "a word with you. You have wronged me by intimating that I purposed aught of disrespect to you or your religion by what I have unthinkingly done this evening. I could do neither; for I love you. How deeply, I, who have struggled with that love for months, alone can know; how entirely and unselfishly, you perhaps might learn, could you find it in your heart to let me show you; how vainly, my own heart tells me while I watch my face. Surprised you may be—I have no doubt you are; displeased too, but I take no blame to myself for that. An honest man dares lift his eyes to a noble woman; and whatever be my faults, and they are many; wherever lie my errors, and they are thickly sown, I still can call myself an honest man."

She moved further away from where I stood, and once or twice, while I was speaking, made a movement as though to interrupt me. As I uttered the

last words, I saw her eyes flash, and a half-sarcastic smile wreath itself about her lips.

"You call yourself an honest man," she said: "an honest man! What is your code, and who the law-giver? Is it honest to leave untitled and brier-strewn the soil that has been given you in trust for an endless harvest-time; to waste the talents that have been bestowed on you with lavish hand; to spend days and months and years in pleasant idleness, as you have done, and as you do? Is it honest to wrap yourself in a mantle of false and hollow cynicism, lest your better nature might have opportunity to assert its capacities and prove its possibilities; to scoff at all creeds and professions of religion as so many shams and superstitions, because, from the nature of the life you lead your own ideal must be both hypocrisy and sham? I am only a woman, and such men as you place but little confidence in a woman's judgment and far-sightedness. But I have read you deeper than you suppose. Evening after evening, while you sat here reading, talking to me, I have been studying you. I have recognized emotions that your pride would call weaknesses; thoughts that your worldly wisdom seeks to cover with a jest or smile; great capabilities of sacrifice that your every-day exterior conceals under *dilettante* tastes and careless ways. I have seen that in your eye, heard that in your voice, which has made me marvel how a soul like yours could be content with husks and bitterness. For you, yourself, I could have sympathy; but I scorn the evil spirit that is in you."

I had loved her before; but as she stood there taxing me with that to the consciousness of which I was but just awakening, my love gave one great bound and seemed to sit enthroned high above sight or sound of human passion, even while, with every word she uttered, the knowledge of its vain endeavor fastened itself more firmly upon me. I was about to speak, but she interrupted me, and the words came more slowly now, and more kindly.

"I may have spoken harshly," she said. "Indeed, I am sure I have. But it was of yourself, with regard to yourself, and in what I said there was no thought of my own connection with the subject. As to that part of it, I can have none; but I think, however much or little a woman esteems a man, there must be something especially tender in her dealings with the one who has made her the offering of his love. You will believe me, then, when I say that I am pained, deeply pained, that you should have given yours to me, or deemed its acknowledgment necessary. Words are idle and superfluous here. I can and do appreciate it; I can be, I am a friend. Forgive me if I have been harsh; in calmer moments you will come to think of me as one whose words were quick and too impulsive, but who had your interest at heart. Now let me go. Do not speak further, I beg of you; it would only pain us both."

"But a few words," I said; "a very few. You have aimed surely, and struck deep. I do not blame you for my mistake, nor for that which you term harshness. I cannot, since I recognize its truth. The difference between you and most women is, that you are brave enough to speak that truth; for you are too free from vanity or falsity of any kind, I know, ever to speak other than your earnest thoughts. I may have scoffed at creeds; I have never scoffed at God; give me at least this merit. I have dreamed a dream—we all do at some time, I believe; may yours be happy realizations always. Good-by."

With a sudden glare the firelight flashed upon the wall, and the red glow shone full upon her face paler than usual, but calm. There were tears in her eyes as they met mine; but what woman with a woman's heart could be unmoved at such a moment?

"Good-by," she answered, almost inaudibly. I passed to hear no more; the next moment the door closed behind me, and I was in the street.

CHAPTER III.

I went abroad, through the principal cities of the old world, and by quiet ways to unpretending places, where travelers seldom go. My heart sought rest and quiet; my soul was beginning to shake off the torpor that had enchained it; taking in, almost unconsciously, silent influences that pervaded my whole being. Truths forced themselves upon me unawares, and my ears did not refuse to hear them. Across the wide Atlantic some one was praying for me, although I did not know it while she prayed—one whose face I vainly strove to banish from my memory; whose voice ran through the current of my troubled dreams. And yet it was with no hope of winning her love in the future that I opened my heart and mind to the study of sacred things. That idea never came to me. The whole purpose of my life seemed changed. How often I thought of her denunciation of my aimless existence, my "*dilettante* tastes and careless ways." How often I thanked her that, all unconsciously though it were, she had opened to me

new avenues of thought and action. "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all;" and so the world went on. Silently but surely my heart unclosed to the heavenly dews that fell upon it and renewed it. I remained some time in France and Italy, spent a few months in Germany, and then returned to England. At the feet of one of the fathers of the Oratory in London I made my first confession, and tasted the ineffable sweetness of divine compassion.

Nearly two years had passed, and the *dolce non far niente* life, so natural once, grew wearisome now. At home there was work for me to do; there lay my field and my mission. I did not attempt to disguise from myself the pain and renewal of old wounds that must inevitably follow my return. However, I resolved to nerve myself for the ordeal, and promised my timidity the struggle would be short, and then the world lay before me. A world in which there were great things to be learned and conquered.

I had written to Armitage once after my departure and received an immediate answer, asking me to continue the correspondence. To his letter I had not replied, and I was almost entirely ignorant of affairs at home.

I landed in New York one bright September day, and the first feeling of strangeness vanished as I walked through the crowded streets, and recognized the familiar faces of former acquaintances. My whilom landlady received me with open arms; my old quarters had just been vacated, and I was speedily reinstalled. I had not been in town two days, when Armitage rushed in one evening, glad to see me, and brimful of news.

"Strange freak of yours that, Ed," he said. "I came around here one night by appointment; old lady met me with the information that you had sailed that day. I couldn't believe it. Went to Helen's, to see if she knew any thing about it; but she didn't. Then I felt sure the whole thing was a joke. You and she were such friends that I could not think you'd have gone off in that way, without saying good-by. That solitary letter of yours was worse than none at all; provoking in you to relapse into silence again, when a fellow thought he had got on your track. How soon do you intend to be off again?"

"Not for a while yet," I answered. "I think I shall remain at home now. By the way, how is Miss Foster?—or is she Miss Foster yet?—and her grandmother?"

"The old lady died the winter after you left New York; but Helen is living in the homestead yet. A married sister of mine is domiciled there too, at present—Laura; you've heard me speak of her. She was living in Baltimore when you were one of us. Helen is not married; not for the want of suitors, though; she had refused between ten and fifty splendid offers, to my certain knowledge."

"Of course she makes you her confidant?" I said, quizzingly.

"*Pas du tout*—a fine one I'd be; but I guess all these things. She is an odd girl. Not too pious, although a devout Catholic; but hard to please. By the way, I am due at Helen's to-night; won't you come? You can't expect her to call on you."

I made some excuse; and Fred went off without me, promising, however, to report me "safe and sound." Although I knew that, sooner or later, I should meet her, I could not face the ordeal as yet; and preferred that, when it did take place, the meeting should be accidental.

The next week I attended a concert at the Academy of Music. Directly in front of me two seats remained unoccupied until the *prima donna* had made her first bow to the audience, and was preluding her song with a few prefatory trills.

I turned my eyes from the stage to meet those of a lady who passed to one of the vacant chairs; and the next moment Fred Armitage was saying, "You here, Moray? I am glad we are near you. He has changed, Nellie, don't you think?" as his companion extended her hand in silence. Then, as I greeted her, a single "welcome home" fell from her lips, and that was all.

No change in her. The same pure, truthful eyes; the old-time sweetness in her voice and smile; the old-time charm about her still. As I looked at her, and heard her speak, I realized how vain had been the delusion that prompted me to seek peace and disenchantment within the sphere of her influence. Once, during a pause in the music, she asked my opinion of the singer. I must have appeared constrained and awkward; for I have a half-recollection of muttering some indistinct answer. I left before the performance was over. I did not care to court misery—my present situation was deplorable enough—and I was anxious to get away from Fred's pertinacity, which I knew would assert itself if we went in company from the music-hall.

Afterward I steadily resisted all solicitations from Armitage to call at his sister's; although he often expressed a desire to introduce me. However, having met him one day in company with his

brother-in-law, I promised the latter gentleman to call at his residence. Not to have done so would have made my conduct appear eccentric and ridiculous. About dusk the next evening Fred came in.

"Come to Auvergne's with me to-night," he said. "Walter has gone to Baltimore on business, and Helen with him. She intends spending the winter with some relatives there. Laura is alone, and may be we could cheer her up. I am sorry Walter and Nellie are absent; but you'll get acquainted with the best little woman in the world."

There was no help for it. The present, too, afforded the best opportunity. I went, and received a cordial welcome from Mrs. Auvergne, who was all that her brother had described her, and more.

"So this is Mr. Moray," she said, as Fred introduced me. "I have heard of you so frequently that I know you already. And Helen has sometimes mentioned you."

The evening passed pleasantly. As we were about leaving, our hostess warmly invited me to renew the visit. "Come soon, and as often as you like," she said; "we shall be always pleased to see you."

Inconsistently enough, I departed from my proposed line of conduct in so far as to accept her invitation. It was lonely, sitting in my bachelor abode those long winter evenings; and, after five or six weeks' acquaintance, I had called so frequently at Mrs. Auvergne's as to feel more at home there than anywhere else in New York. I did not think much of the future, of the difficulties that must arise when another member of the family should resume her place in the circle; or, if I did, I was wise or foolish enough not to anticipate them.

Meeting Mr. Auvergne near home one evening, he brought me, *volens volens*, in to tea. We found his wife in the parlor, with her three charming little girls, who had become great friends of mine, and who knew me under the title of "Uncle Fred's brother."

"Something for you, Laura," said Paterfamilias, as he threw a letter into her lap.

"From Helen, is it not?"

"Yes; excuse me, Mr. Moray, while I glance over it. I always give Helen's letters two or three readings. She is growing quite dissipated. 'I have been to three parties this week,' she writes; 'much against my inclination, you will imagine. But Maud and Alice lead such gay lives that one is kept in a perpetual round of sight-seeing and enjoyment—as the world goes. I could never be content to live this way; and feel dubious as to whether I can find it compatible with real duties at home to remain the promised time. You reproached me before I went away with being low-spirited, Laura. Your panacea has not proved beneficial. I am, if not melancholy, not half so cheerful in my mind, as Fred would say, as when I left you. So don't be surprised to see me any morning about breakfast time. Tell the children, Cousin Helen is glad they have found a new friend; but'—here the reader paused; and, after a hurried perusal of the remainder, replaced the missive in its envelope.

"Foolish Helen!" she said, as though talking to herself; then, supper being announced, there was nothing more said on the subject.

On Christmas eve I called with some presents for the children. I had promised them to enlist Santa Claus in their favor, and waited until I thought they would be asleep to bring what toys and trinkets they had told me confidentially would be acceptable. Ushered into the parlor, I did not at first perceive, in the dim light, that some one was standing near the window. The noise of the door closing caused the occupant of the room to look round, and, as she did so, I recognized Miss Foster.

"Excuse me," I managed to articulate, in my surprise; "I did not know you had returned, or that you were expected."

"I was not expected," she answered smilingly.

"But I grew home-sick as Christmas approached, and astonished them all this morning at daylight. Will you sit down, Mr. Moray?" And she drew a chair forward.

"Thank you," I replied, "not this evening. I have merely brought some trilles for the little ones. We are great friends. I have become quite at home with them during your absence."

"So Laura tells me," she answered; "and they have not been silent either. They are very loveable children."

"I have found them so," I rejoined. "I suppose they are all three dreaming of Santa Claus at this moment. But I must be going. Be kind enough to present my compliments to Mrs. Auvergne, who is probably busy this evening. And allow me to wish you a very merry Christmas."

As I ceased speaking, the parlor door opened and the mistress of the house entered, bonneted and shawled for a walk, and accompanied by Fred, who announced himself a complete wreck from a frolic in the nursery.

"Good evening, Mr. Moray," said the little lady, cordially. "These for the children? Thank you;

you are very kind; they will be so delighted. You see our wanderer has returned. Is she not looking well? Sit down, you must not go yet. Rather late for a lady to go shopping, is it not? But I want something down town, and Fred has volunteered to accompany me. We shall not be absent long; you must stay till we return. You and Helen are old friends, I know, and can manage to spend an hour pleasantly together."

I fancied Helen looked at me imploringly, as though to say, "Do go away," and I ventured to remonstrate.

"I am inexorable," was the reply. "You are to remain till we come back. Fred, take his gloves; and Helen, ring for lights."

There was no withstanding such importunity. Reluctantly, but with as good grace as I could summon, I allowed myself to succumb to the force of circumstances. Seeing there was no help for it, my companion in distress took some fancy knitting from a table near her, and soon appeared lost in its intricacies. For fully five minutes after the door closed on Mrs. Auvergne and her brother we sat in embarrassing silence—silence that at length grew unendurable.

"You are sitting too far from the fire," I said, by way of endeavor to mend matters; "there must be some draught from that window, too."

"I prefer being near the light," she answered, without looking up; "and I am not at all cold."

"Another five minutes of silence." What should I say next? Could I sit there much longer? I did not think so. I felt as though I must make a desperate move and take my leave.

Suddenly, peeling out upon the silent night, I heard the sound of bells. She heard them too, I knew, for I saw her lift her head to listen.

"The Christmas chimes," I said; "how beautifully they sound. I have heard them in Rome and Naples; last year I was in England at this season; but home music has charms peculiar to itself, and dearer than all other—at least so it seems to me."

"You believe in Christmas, then, as an institution?" she answered smilingly, and with a touch of the old sarcasm in her voice.

"Surely," I replied gravely, "since I believe in Christ. Inasmuch as a Catholic believes and reverences all that his Church teaches and believes."

I looked at her face to see what effect my words would have, but it evinced no emotion of surprise. She answered quietly and assuredly, as though our ways had never been separate.

"Yes, we who are Catholics enjoy the capacity of feeling and appreciating these things as none do beside. Especially converts such as you and I, who have known the experience of doubt and fear."

"I was not aware," I rejoined, "that you knew of my conversion."

"No?" she replied. "I have known it some time, having seen you several times at Mass and Benediction. I do not believe you would make the sign of the cross unless you held it to be the sign of salvation. And you do make it, I think."

"No doubt the discovery surprised you. Miss Foster," I continued.

"No, it did not," she answered. "I did not think the change would be accomplished so soon, but I hoped great things for you."

"Even when you accused me most bitterly?" Why tread on dangerous ground? But the words were spoken, and I could not recall them.

"Even when I accused you 'most bitterly,'" she said, in a low tone.

"You are far-sighted, I perceive. Perhaps you may also have some idea of the manner in which this change was brought about. Perhaps I may have felt, may still feel, an indebtedness to some one, to whom it has been a matter of doubt with me as to whether I should acknowledge the obligation, or suffer it to go unpaid."

"I may have an idea," she replied, "yet not just such a one as that to which you make allusion. Some one may have been instrumental in awakening thought on the subject. But I have not been able to advance the idea further."

For a moment I sat silent. "Shall I tell her what she has done for me?" I asked myself. "Shall I open the old wound and let it bleed afresh? Will it be any sacrifice of my manliness if I tell her what, a few moments ago, I held it my duty and purpose to conceal?"

I drew my gaze from the fire and directed it toward her. The ivory needle flew in and out between her slender fingers; it seemed she had a task to do. My resolve was taken. But there was not the shadow of a hope in my soul when I spoke. Something impelled me—something, I knew not what; a desperate spirit, I thought it then; my good angel, I know now.

"There is a debt and an obligation," I began, "and an acknowledgment which I am proud to make, although the fact of its existence be almost death to me. A little more than two years ago, circumstances led to the revelation of that which,

but for those circumstances, might have been unrevealed to-day. I offered you a love that had grown in my heart until it interpenetrated every fibre of my being. You rejected it; and that you did so, or why, I find no fault or blame. The folly was mine, I alone have borne the consequences. But while you disabused my mind of any wild hope it might have cherished in moments quite as wild, you told me some unpalatable truths. Until I met you, I had lived a selfish, useless life. After I met you, the germs of something better in me stirred now and then, and impulses that I more than once fought down knocked at secret doors where the dust and cobwebs of the world had gathered. Then the *dénouement* came, and after it the change in me."

Still knitting, the soft wool flew through her fingers faster and faster, as though she bade defiance to my moan. She did not look up as I paused, but her lips compressed and her cheek brightly flushed.

"I went away loving you. Far away from your visible influence, the thought of you followed me through all my journeyings. I passed through new scenes and experiences loving you; I come back loving you still. I am here to-night with no intent of pleading a lost cause, with no hope of drifting from desolate seas into pleasant waters, with no dream of Lethian draughts to be taken from your hands. As in the former instance, circumstances have forced it all upon me. To-morrow I shall wonder at the folly which prompts me to say what I am saying. But to-night, before I close the book forever, let me thank you for what you have done for me; let me leave you with the knowledge that, while I have been rash and presumptuous, I have not offended you or caused you pain."

She had risen from her chair while I was speaking. Standing for a moment irresolute, with lips half parted and eyes downcast, she made a passionate gesture with her clasped hands, as though impatient with herself.

"I do not forget," she said, "any part of what I told you that night, two years ago. I was harsh—unnecessarily so. But it all came on me so suddenly that I hardly knew what I did say. I remember there was something about misused talents and a wasted life, of what you might be and were not, of great possibilities slighted and contemned. But," here her voice faltered and the words came slowly, "I do not remember telling you then, or at any other time, that did I not, could not love you. Do you remember it?" Looking up, her gaze met mine, half smilingly, half tearfully.

"No, I do not remember it," I said; "but you sent me away from you, and I have not forgotten that there was nothing of encouragement for the future in your dismissal of me. Can it be—dare I hope that—that—?"

Somewhat warm, soft hands were clasped in mine, and the Christmas bells pealed out a tuneful chime, now softly low, now musically clear. And then she told me what I had never even fancied in my dreams: of the love that had dwelt in her heart of hearts so long; of fears that had assailed her when she grew conscious of it; of a hope in the future and its unborn possibilities that had filled her soul when she seemed most indifferent and cold; of prayers that had been heard and answered.

"I knew you would come back to me," she said. "I knew that God would do great things for you. And even if you had not come, if some one else had taken my place, or some ambition occupied your heart, it would have been the same in the end, or nearly so. I think I could be contented to love you silently all my life long, if I knew you to be, in thought and purpose, what I had so longed to have you; if I felt that my prayers for you were heard and answered."

O wonderful unselfishness of woman's love! O marvelous constancy of woman's faith! How often do we burn and die away, unheeded and unprized on holy altars!

Three short, bright years have passed, and it is Christmas eve. Outside I hear a group of merry boys, battling with the bitter wind and laughing at its fierceness. Frost glitters on the window-panes and chills the air to-night; and blazing fires roar up the chimneys, pouring forth a welcome as they go. Here, in this quiet room, there is an atmosphere of peace and calm content that almost fills me with a reverential fear lest the sweet spell should float away and leave me desolate.

I can watch her all unnoticed, as she sits in the deep shadow of the fire-light, the angel of my hearth and home. The face is, perhaps, a shade more thoughtful than of old; but the bright head, golden brown, has still the same graceful poise and movement; the truthful eyes are still as kind and tender as of yore.

And as she sits there musing, I lay down my busy pen, and my full heart throbs with gratitude and thankfulness as I think how lonely life would be without her this happy Christmas Eve.

WHAT I HEARD ABOUT RITUALISM IN A CITY CAR.

"It ought to be stopped; it's all nonsense."

"It is all very well to say 'it ought to be stopped,' and that 'it is all nonsense,' but, my dear sir, we cannot stop it, for the people will have it; and I beg leave to differ with you, for I think it is very far from being nonsense."

It was in a Seventh Avenue railway car, and as I sat next to the last speaker, a clerical-looking person, I could not help overhearing the conversation. The other appeared to be one of those old gentlemen who are positive about everything—who, even in the tie of their cravat, say as plain as can be, "This is the way I intend to have it, and I will have it."

"I perfectly agree with the Bishop of Oxford," said he, "See here"—and he opened a newspaper and read as follows: "'I have no great fear that as to the majority of the people there is any tendency toward Rome; and, on the contrary, I believe that in many cases this development of English ritualism tends to keep our people from Rome. It may, however, happen that the tendency of these things is to what I consider to be at this moment the worst corruption of the Church of Rome—its terrible system of Mariolatry.' There, you see what it tends to, and it is plain enough, although the bishop did not like to say so, of course, that ritualism in our churches will educate our people to become Catholics; and so he adds, very properly: 'I regard it with deep distress. My own belief is, that to stop these practices it will only be necessary for the bishop to issue an injunction to the clergymen to surcease from them—to surcease from incensing the holy table—to surcease from prostration after the consecration of the holy elements—to surcease from incensing at the *magnificat*.' My opinion precisely."

"Have you ever considered the true sense of these things?" inquired his clerical friend.

"Can't see any sense in it at all," tartly responded the old gentleman.

"No?" returned the other; "surely there must be some good reason for this wide-spread desire of both clergy and laity for a more elaborate ritual in divine service."

"Fashionable, fashionable—nothing else."

"It gives dignity and solemnity to public worship."

"Mere show."

"It adds to the apparent reality of the sacred functions of religion, in the administration of the sacraments particularly."

"Ha! ha! yes, it would be an apparent reality for us. I read about that 'apparent reality' lately in the report of the ordination of one of our bishops, and I thought it a very appropriate remark."

"But you must admit that it tends to edify the worshippers, and afford them more ample means of lifting up their hearts to God."

"It don't edify me."

"Then it is, besides, so full of instruction, for every ceremony fixes the mind upon the religious truth to which the ceremony points, as, for instance, making the sign of the cross must keep the truth of redemption forcibly before the mind."

"Make the sign of the cross!" ejaculated the old gentleman, almost jumping out of his seat, at which movement half a dozen ladies, standing up and holding on the leathern straps, made a simultaneous rush for the place.

"Why not?" said the other. "I am willing to do anything that will remind me that my Saviour died for me. Then it is only fulfilling the prophecy of St. Paul to bow or bend the knee at the mention of his holy name, and to genuflect before the altar is very proper and right, if we believe in the presence of Jesus Christ in the sacred elements."

"But we Protestants don't believe it."

"You must not be too sure of that; I know many who do. You know the Scripture is very strong in its favor: 'This is my body—this is my blood'; and I, as a good Protestant, who take my belief from the Bible, may have the right to believe it, may I not?"

"H'm, h'm, but our church don't teach anything of the kind."

"Not as a church, I grant you, but she has no right to trammel private judgment; and if I choose to believe it, and act upon my belief, what is to hinder me?"

"It seems to me, that as a minister of the church, you ought to minister just what the church teaches and no more."

"If you follow that out, my friend, you will become a Romanist. A Protestant can not stand on that ground."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the old gentleman, drawing a deep breath, and scratching his head. "I don't know what we are coming to. A man don't want to be a Papist, and yet he goes to his own Protestant church and must put up with all the bowings and scrapings and genuflections and candles and flowers, and all the rest of the Popish fiddle-de-dees."

"Now you mention candles and flowers," said the clerical gentleman, "what can be more appropriate symbols of joy and festivity? And when the Christian is rejoicing on those solemn and joyful festivals of the church, as, for instance, the birth of our Saviour at Christmas, and his resurrection at Easter, how very natural it is that the sanctuary of religion should be adorned with lights and flowers, than which nothing could express more fully the joy and thankfulness of the heart. If you crush out all expression of these sentiments in the service of the church, you will render it a dull, cold formality; and in this matter the church of Rome has been much wiser than we in retaining all those things which, after all, are of apostolic origin, and used by the earliest Christians."

"Incense, too, I suppose," added the old gentleman, with a snarl.

"Incense, too," repeated the other, "not the least doubt of it, as is plain from the discoveries in the catacombs, and a beautiful emblem it is of prayer. You know the Scripture, 'My prayer shall ascend as incense in thy sight.'"

The old gentleman here looked around the car with an air that seemed to say: "Will somebody have the kindness to tell me if I am asleep or awake?" Turning to his friend, he said: "Then I suppose that all our protestations on this score against the Roman Church have no foundation either in reason or in Holy Scripture?"

"That is not only my own opinion," replied the clerical gentleman, "but I have every reason to believe it is the conviction of a very large number of enlightened Protestants of our day."

"A conviction I sincerely deplore," said the old gentleman. "Good morning," and he abruptly rose and left the car.

"Excuse me, sir," said I, "if I, as a Catholic, have been deeply interested in your conversation just now; but may I ask on what principle those ritualistic forms and ceremonies are being adopted by Protestants, and being introduced into their services?"

"The principle is this: that they are all deeply significant of the different truths of the Christian religion—a visible expression of the faith of the worshipper."

"We understand that perfectly, as Catholics," said I, "but as your congregations differ so widely in their individual belief, these forms and ceremonies would possess no significance to the half of any one congregation of Protestant worshippers. Now, with us Catholics, the ceremonies have a universal significance, as all our people are united in one faith."

"We will educate our people to it," said he.

"That is, you would make the faith of your worshippers an expression of the ceremonies, you perform, and not the ceremonies an expression of their faith. In the Catholic Church the faith is all one to start on, and the appropriate ceremonies follow as a matter of course."

"I acknowledge," returned he, "that we have not paid sufficient attention to the vital necessity of a ritual which would embody and show forth the faith of our church."

"But when you have gotten a ritual which supposes, as it must, certain doctrines, and which, as you said to your friend, instructs the people in these doctrines, are you not trammeling the private judgment of those worshippers who do not believe these doctrines and wish to have a ritual which is consistent with their belief? What right have you to impose a ritual upon them inconsistent with their belief?"

"We do not impose any particular ritual," he replied; "if they do not like it they can go elsewhere."

"But then you would have, or ought to have, as many different rituals as your people have individual differences of belief, and that would end in endless division and dissension."

"It is excessively warm, don't you think so?" said the minister.

"It is," said I, "but I think we are going to have a storm soon; I see it is getting quite cloudy."

EDUCATE THE HEAD, THE HEART, AND THE HAND.—Every boy should have his head, his heart and his hand educated. By the proper education of the head, he will be taught to love what is good, wise, and right, and to hate what is evil, foolish, and wrong. And by proper education of the hand, he will be enabled to supply his wants, to add to his comforts, and to assist those around him. The highest objects of good education are to reverence God and to love and serve mankind. Everything that helps us in attaining these objects is of great value, and everything that hinders us is comparatively worthless. When wisdom reigns in the head, and love in the heart, the man is ever ready to do good; order and peace reign around, and sin and sorrow are almost unknown.